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A Voice from the Muses.

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A Voice from the Muses.

BY

JAMES HIRD.

London:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.

Bradford:
T. BREAR (LATE H. B. BYLES), KIRKGATE.
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THE AUTHOR

DEDICATES THIS VOLUME,

—The Effort of his Maturer Years—

TO

THE WORKING MEN OF BOWLING AND BRADFORD,

CONFIDENT THAT THEY, AT LEAST,

WILL APPRECIATE THE FEELING IN WHICH IT HAS BEEN WRITTEN;

THE MORE SO, PERHAPS,

WHEN THEY KNOW THAT THE AUTHOR WAS COMPELLED TO TOIL
FOR HIS BREAD IN A FACTORY, FROM HIS SIXTH YEAR,
AT A TIME WHEN THE WORKING HOURS WERE
FAR MORE NUMEROUS THAN NOW;

AND

WHEN THEY KNOW THAT THE WRONGS AND SUFFERINGS DEPICTED
IN MANY OF THE FOLLOWING LINES, ARE BUT THE
REFLEX OF ACTUAL EXPERIENCE AND
OBSERVATION.

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A Voice from the Muses.

The Wish.

"There is a pleasure in poetic pains,
Which only poets know."

WORDSWORTH.

I CARE not for the rich man's gold,
I care not for the warrior's name;
Nor do I care to be enrolled
With him upon the scroll of Fame.

If there be aught for which I crave—
Aught in this world that I desire,
Besides a blest and peaceful grave,
It is a spark of Milton's fire:

It is to be renowned in song,
Such as shall draw the silent tear;
Such as shall haunt the memory long,
And echo sweetly on the ear.

'Tis an immortal wreath of flowers
Upon my children to bestow,
Pluck'd from Parnassus' sweetest bowers,
To blossom in this world below.

The Contrast.

"Ah me! what is there in earth's various range,
Which time and absence may not greatly change?"

C. R. Sands.

FULL thirty years and five have pass'd away
Since that, to me, most memorable day
When first I left the place that gave me birth,
One of the loveliest that adorns the earth.
Still I remember where the hawthorn grew,
And the old oak its giant-arms out-threw,—
Where that most welcome visitant of Spring,
The Cuckoo, would her earliest pœan sing.
But oh! how changed—how altered is the scene!
On that well-known, that oft-frequented green,
Where stood the humble, yet the happy cot,—
The last of all earth's sights to be forgot,—
A princely fabric rears its lofty side,
The boast of commerce, and our country's pride;

Where thousands upon thousands daily meet,
Not with reluctant, but with willing feet,
Content to labour for their daily bread,
To earn the golden sheaf by which they're fed;
Well pleased to see (stamp'd by the hand of Fame),
In shining letters, their employer's name:
Not that he's swept the cottage from the green,
And reared the noblest structure ever seen;
Not that he has his tens of thousands made,
Won princely honours at the Board of Trade;—
No—'tis his noble philanthropic heart,
That which alone can lasting fame impart;
'Tis that he ne'er forgets the poor man's health,
The very fountain of the rich man's wealth;
Nor ceases for his country's weal to care,
Nor taints with fetid breath the vital air,[1]
Nor blasts the beauteous rosebud in its bloom,
Nor prematurely gluts the silent tomb;

Pollutes no streamlet as it murmurs by,
Bright as the fount of bliss beyond the sky;
Forgets no servant in the hour of need,
But bleeds himself to see another bleed;
O'erburdens no man for the love of gold,
Knowing he cannot long his coffers hold.
Go, and his far-famed premises explore,
Go, and survey his manufactory o'er;
No poisonous sink, no stagnant pool you'll find,
Sending disease and death upon the wind;
No clouds of smoke o'erspreading all around,
Blackening the heavens, and laying waste the ground,
Driving the feathered choirs of heaven away,
To shun the darkness of meridian day!
There all that art and science can invent,
Disease, and death, and danger to prevent,
Is carried out, and finished with a zeal
The true Philanthropist alone can feel.

Oh! how unlike is yonder sordid soul,
Scorning alike both earth and Heaven's control;
Caring but little or for young or old,
While grinding down their sinews into gold;
Who, could he but repeal the Ten Hours Bill,
Would bind the poor man's child in fetters still,
Or else his heart-strings with oppression break—
For who can willing slaves of Britons make?
And yet, as if th' Omnipotent to dare,
Lifts up his hands, lifts up his voice in prayer,
Making the very hosts of Heaven to blush,
And for awhile their alleluias hush!

Oh! I have seen him, when a passing cloud
A little speck on his horizon showed;—
When Commerce for awhile let go the rein,
A better, safer, firmer hold to gain;—
Yea, I have seen him, heedless of their doom,
Or of their starving little ones at home,

Remorselessly cast off the very men—[2]
(Till Commerce, smiling, seized the rein again)—
The very men who from the mine of Trade
Had won his gold, and all his fortune made,
His sumptuous board with every dainty spread,
Themselves contented with a crust of bread.

Oh! I remember one in days gone by,
Nor ever shall forget his streaming eye;
Five little ones, dependent on his care,
Clung to his knees, and clustered round him there;
Wept when, alas! they saw their father weep,
And tried to cheer him till they fell asleep.
Perplexed and wondering how it was that he
So full of grief, so sorrowful, should be:
What recked they of that sad foreboding fear,
That he at length those little ones should hear
Cry out for bread, and he have none to give,
And yet be forced to hear them, and to live?

But soon, alas! his strength began to fail—
Diseases will in time of dearth prevail;
Yet, ere he parted with his flickering breath,
Or lost his once melodious voice in death,
He sang the sweetest, the most touching strain
I ever heard, or e'er shall hear again:—

"Ah! what can gold or silver do,
Though heaped up mountains high?
Can they repel the tide of woe,
Or bliss eternal buy?

"How few who care but to increase
The miser's glittering ore,
Shall reach the glorious port of Peace
When Time shall be no more!

"How few who can the poor man spurn
Indignantly away,
Know what it is to sit and learn
The harp of Love to play!

"But there's a brighter world than this,
A world from avarice free,
A mansion of eternal bliss,
Reserved in Heaven for me.

"There never more the burning tear
Of sorrow shall be shed;
No father's heart shall break, to hear
His children cry for bread."

Lines,

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, AFTER WITNESSING THE ILLUMINATIONS AT BRADFORD.

SOON as the glorious sun had wheeled away,
And closed in golden clouds the eye of day,
Thousands of stars that Newton never knew,
Sprang from the earth, and burst upon the view:
But the star which all others eclipsed with its light—
The star of the evening, the gem of the night—
The star of all others to freedom most dear—
The star of all others, unsullied and clear,—
Was the star of Victoria, resplendently bright!
Oh! that was the gem and the star of the night!
Illuming, attracting the nations afar,
The beacon of earth, both in peace and in war;
A star which for aye in its fulness shall shine,
For the star of the righteous shall never decline!

It was that which so cheered, so elated the mind,
That all hearts in the bonds of affection combined,
And lifting their eyes and their hands up on high,
To the God of their fathers enthroned in the sky,
With His love and His mercy so sweet and serene,
Implored Him to bless and to succour the Queen;
On the bosom of earth, on the waves of the sea,
Her rock of defence, and her pilot to be;
To guard and to watch with a fatherly eye,
From His throne in the fathomless depths of the sky,
Her children, to England, to Britain so dear;
To adorn them with robes of angelical wear—
With the garments of virtue, of truth, and of love,
Interwove by the hand of some angel above;
To encircle the home of Prince Albert her son,
And the bower of the beautiful bride he has won,
With a halo of beauty, of bliss, and of light,
Which shall shine when the stars shall be shrouded in night.

Lines,

ON BEING REQUESTED TO WRITE A POEM ON THE DEITY.

WHERE shall my theme begin? where shall it end?
Tell me, my honoured, much-respected friend:
Millions have toiled His wonders to explore,
But who can gauge a sea without a shore?
Is there an atom or a grain of sand
The most exalted mind can understand?
Where is the man that ever yet explained
All that's within a drop of dew contained?
Or how the forest boughs their leaves expand,
Tinged with a touch of the Eternal's hand?
What know we of the High and Mighty One,
Who only speaks, and what He wills is done?

Of Him who hung the boundless arch of night
With golden lamps, for ever burning bright;
Of Him who can at once the sea control,
However high the threatening billows roll;
Or, in a moment, rend the earth in twain,
And the same moment close it up again!
Oh! who can fathom that stupendous mind,
Which all in Earth, and Hell, and Heaven designed?

The Lost One.

"She is not dead, but sleepeth."

YOU shall find her again in the land of the blest,
Where the weak and the weary for ever shall rest,
Where no evil awaiting its prey shall be found,
Concealed in the ever green verdure around;
You shall find her again at the close of the day,
When all that is mortal has vanished away,
Where the hills are for ever illumined with light,
And the vales never know the dim shadows of night;
Where eternal serenity reigns in the skies,
And all tears shall for ever be wiped from your eyes,—
If you tread in the steps she so faithfully trod,
The bright pathway that leads to the temple of God.

The Little Child and its Mother.

"It is a beautiful, a blessed belief, that the beloved dead, grown angels, watch the dear ones left behind."—MISS LANDON.

CHILD.

"AND do the blessèd angels love
To hear me say my evening prayer?
And do they leave their seats above,
For me at midnight hour to care?
And is it true that they have wings,
That they on dove-like pinions fly,
Surpassing all the pride of kings,
Too brilliant for a mortal's eye?
That they on golden cymbals play
The hills of Paradise among,
Or chant through an eternal day
Some sweet, some all-inspiring song?

That they are spirits, which have been
Once tenants of this earthly sphere,
And who, on this terrestrial scene,
Have shed full many a heart-wrung tear?

MOTHER.

Yes, O my child! the angels love
To hear you say your evening prayer,
To leave their blessèd seats above
For you at midnight hour to care.
And it is true that they have wings,
That they on dove-like pinions fly,
Surpassing all the pride of kings,
Too brilliant for a mortal's eye:
That they on golden cymbals play
The hills of Paradise among,
Or chant through an eternal day
Some sweet, some all-inspiring song:

That they are spirits, which have been
Once tenants of this earthly sphere,
And who on this terrestrial scene
Have shed full many a heart-wrung tear.
Yet, still, my child, you cannot see
The angels with a mortal's eye;
Though they around your bed may be,
Sent to watch o'er you from the sky.
But you may be an angel, too,
And on a golden cymbal play;
Unto your heavenly Father go,
In happy regions far away:
Only, my child, remember this,—
Be good, and kind, and true to all,
And there is not a saint in bliss
That shall not you an angel call.

Lines

ON HEARING IT ASSERTED THAT ALL THINGS CAME BY CHANCE.

> "Can that which is not, shape the things that are?
> Is chance omnipotent? Resolve me why
> The meanest shellfish, and the noblest brute,
> Transmit their likeness to the years that come!"
>
> DILNOT SHADDEN.

BEHOLD the vast ethereal dome!
The glittering gems that gild the night!
And tell me,—Could the stars become
By *chance* so beautiful and bright?

Could day and night by chance roll on
Through countless ages still the same?
And the glad Spring, when Winter's gone,
Her golden chariot reclaim?

Could chance have hollowed out the deep,
Restrained and set the sea its bounds?

Marked out the path the planets sweep,
And fixed their everlasting rounds?

Could chance have stopp'd the mid-day sun,
Held back the silvery orb of night,
Till Joshua the battle won,
And put his myriad foes to flight?

Did not the dews of Heaven descend
Obedient to th' ETERNAL'S will,
Would not our harvests have an end?—
Could chance alone our granaries fill?

Behold the lilies of the field!
Who made them so divinely fair?
To Him that 's everywhere revealed,
Ye hopeless votaries of Chance declare.

The Late Canon Fawcett.

"I should be wanting to my own best feelings if I allowed this public, though deferred, opportunity to pass, without some few words of grateful and affectionate respect to the memory of a friend, the late Canon Fawcett, who, for some years past, has so ably assisted me in the duties of my visitation. The affecting suddenness of his death—a painful surprise to us all—in the unimpaired vigour of middle age, in the full and active exercise of mind and body, in labour of large and varied usefulness,—may well be received as a renewed call to each of us to remember the uncertain tenure of human life, and the importance of so occupying our important trust as never to be unprepared to resign it into the hand of God, that gave it. I need not dwell on the winning softness of his gentle, affable, and kindly spirit, which gave him, far and wide, so enviable an influence for good; or I might tell of many a parochial and doubtful question referred by the Clergy and Churchwardens to his judgment,—to many a rising contention allayed by his ready and judicious mediation."—Archdeacon Musgrave.

H! for some heavenly prompter, while I sing
The praises of a more than earthly king!
The praises of that Man of God, whose name
Is destined to survive all earthly fame!
How well to him these beauteous lines apply,—
No doubt he ever kept them in his eye:—

"The proud he tamed, the penitent he cheered,
Nor to rebuke the rich offender feared;
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought,
A living sermon of the truths he taught."
And who can find, in all his actions here,
Or in his public or his private sphere,
One single deed that he should not have done,—
One act of his the sons of God would shun?
Did want or poverty assail the poor,
He never closed his hospitable door;
Did sickness, plague, or pestilence prevail,
None ever saw him in his duties fail.

The Falls of Niagara.

"In the vast, and the minute, we see
The unambiguous footsteps of the GOD
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels His throne upon the rolling worlds."

COWPER.

TALK of the wondrous works of man?
Ascend the brow of night,
And try th' Omnipotent to scan,
His majesty and might!

Go, see the mountains of the deep
In headlong fury hurl'd
Adown the all-amazing steep,
The wonder of the world,—

Into the foaming gulph below,
Making the earth to nod,

As if exultingly to show
The majesty of God!

Go see, o'er Nature's rock-built walls,
A hundred rivers roll!
Go see those vast, stupendous Falls,[3]
Th' outbursts of Nature's soul.

Go see them, and while you survey
Their everlasting sweep,
Their rainbow wreaths, their golden spray,
Crowning the awful deep,—

Fall on your knees, and there exclaim—
"Oh God, how great art Thou!
Who can Thy mighty acts proclaim,
And all Thy goodness show?"

Verses

SENT TO A YOUNG LADY, ON BEING PRESENTED BY HER WITH A ROSE WHICH HAD GROWN UPON THE BANKS OF THE AIRE.

"In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears:
Then gather a wreath from the garden bowers,
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers."

PERCIVAL.

OH! how beautiful and fair
Was the rose you gave to me:
On the sunny banks of Aire,
Not a lovelier flower could be;
Yet in no untimely hour
May its fated lot be thine:
Oh! thou beauteous, bonny flower,—
So angelic, so divine!

But should some unfeeling blast
Blow upon you from above,
May an angel o'er you cast
His protecting shield of love.
And when you have ceased to bloom,
Like a gem of Eden, here,
In a land beyond the tomb
May you as a star appear;
That upon it I may gaze
While eternal ages last,
As upon a star whose rays
Shall illumine all the past.

Fairford:

PAST AND PRESENT.

"Oh! cursèd lust of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds!
First starved in this, then damned in that to come."

BLAIR.

WAS once thy boast, O Fairford, to behold
Thy circling hills o'ertopp'd with waving gold;
Thy valleys with a rich luxuriance spread,
And all thy sons with milk and honey fed:
Thy heavens as bright, and glorious to the eye,
As when the sun first lit the vaulted sky;
Thine air as sweet as ever fanned the flowers
Of Eden's beauteous groves and sunny bowers.

On yonder slope, where first he drew his breath,
And where at last he closed his eyes in death,
One of thy noblest sons all wondering stood,
And thence survey'd the mighty works of GOD;

Counted the stars that met his ravished eye,
And tracked the blazing comet through the sky;
Traversed the glories of the Milky Way,
Heaven's brightest passage to eternal day;
Explored the vast and boundless realms of night,
Till morning's opening doors let in the light.
Dearer to him by far, than all the gold
The coffers of the great and wealthy hold,
To scan the glorious firmament of stars,—
To watch the planets in their golden cars
Wheeling around their everlasting spheres,
Charged with the seasons and the circling years.

Upon the summit of a rising hill,
Endeared to me by sweet remembrance still,
Lived one whose name to publish I forbear,
But yet some angel prompts me to declare—
'T was not in him to turn a scornful eye
On the poor beggar as he passed him by

To lift a haughty, overbearing brow
Above his fellow-man, however low :
No widow craved a morsel at his gate,
On whom his servants were not told to wait ;
No suppliant orphan ever sought his door,
But found in him one benefactor more.

And e'en as Joshua, when his aged eye
Grew dim with years, and death was drawing nigh,
Summoned all Israel to his dying bed,
And, pausing on the confines of the dead,
Implored them with his last expiring breath—
Made more impressive by th' approach of death—
To cleave to Him whose arm alone can wield
The sword of Fate upon the battle-field,
Arrest the chariot of the mid-day sun
High o'er Gilboa, until the battle 's won :—

So, patriarch-like, old ****** ere he died,
Or the bright pinions of an angel tried,
Called in his friends, and, with uplifted eyes,
(As if transfixed upon the opening skies,)
Showed them, as only dying men can show,
The vanity of all things here below;
Th' insanity of laying up in store
Heaps upon heaps of dust, and nothing more;
Whilst his poor soul, neglected to the last,
Uncared for till the bourn of life is past,
Shut out from Heaven, and banished from the Earth,
Curses th' unhappy day that gave it birth.

To yonder old and venerable pile,
One of the noblest structures of our isle—
One that has breasted many a bitter blast,
Unscathed through many a fiery trial past,—
Thy sons of old, O Fairford, bent their way,
As Heaven ordained to spend the Sabbath-day,

To tune afresh their mingled harps of love,
To hold communion with the hosts above;
To feast the soul on manna from on high,
To learn the alleluias of the sky;
To join in all the fervency of prayer,
As children of one common Parent there—
As sons and daughters of an equal birth,
Sprung from their parent dust, the lowly earth!

A time there was when yet the heart could feel
A thrill of transport for another's weal,
And when the breast heaved with a deep-drawn sigh,
As fell the tear-drop from another's eye;
But, ah! let truth and sound experience say,
Has not that time for ever passed away?
Has not the all-absorbing love of gain
The dove-winged seraph of affection slain?

Who has not witnessed, even in our time,
(And blushed to think that it was deemed no crime,)
The poor man's child worse treated than a slave[4]
That's bought and sold, and lashed into the grave?
Till Oastler, like a mighty conqueror, came—[5]
Not in his own, but in the ETERNAL's name—
Till he arose, the champion of the young,
And, with the fire of Heaven upon his tongue,
Stood, prophet-like, upon Britannia's isle,
(Shielded and blest by Heaven's approving smile,)
To let the rulers of the people hear
That they must rule in righteousness and fear;
That they must govern with impartial sway,
And sweep oppression from the world away!

And oh! if aught on earth can fire my muse,
Fresh vigour in her drooping wings infuse,
It is the thought that o'er the factory child
A brighter, happier day at length has smiled;

Heaven knows it is the glorious Ten Hours Bill !—
The triumph and the boast of Britain still.

Oh yes ! thank God ! a remnant yet remains
Amidst our hills, our valleys, and our plains,
Who make the sons of want their daily care—
Not spurning them with an indignant air ;
Knowing that to the all-surveying eye
Of Him whose presence fills the boundless sky,
All are alike, no matter what their birth—
For Heaven owns no distinctions upon earth :
That to the poor man, wheresoe'er he be,
The mountain gale, the breath of Heaven 's as free
As to the wealthiest that the world has known
Since it was on its whirling axis thrown.
But are there not, e'en in this land of ours,
With all its verdant groves and fragrant bow'rs,
Those whom the rich ambrosial airs of Spring
No sweetness on their rosy pinions bring,

To whom the very Heavens themselves appear
A boundless waste, a vast unmeaning sphere?
For them in vain the nightingale may try
Her most enchanting pæan in the sky:
Their sweetest music is the buzzing wheel,[6]
With heart of iron and with nerves of steel;
Unmoved the poor man's little one they see,
Slave-like, compelled, e'en from its infancy,
To creep along some dark and gloomy mine,
Where the bright sun is never known to shine:
Or with an eye that never shed a tear
On the poor widow's or the orphan's bier,
Alike can see the careworn mother go,
Torn from her babe, but newly-born, and so[7]
To tend the bounding shuttle as it flies,
The parting tear still glistening in her eyes,
While she reflects, with all a parent's love
Implanted in her bosom from above,

On the dear babe that she has left behind,
Heart-rending thoughts revolving through her mind—
How will her darling in her absence fare?
Who to her child will lend a mother's care?

But though the all-absorbing love of gold
Has often robbed the poor man's scanty fold,
Poisoned the air, and made our streams to flow
With reeking death, that lays its thousands low,—
Thank God, His light shall yet illumine all
Who prostrate at the shrine of Mammon fall:
The pearl of greatest price to man shall be,
His all on earth and in eternity.

Lines

COMPOSED JANUARY 1ST, 1866.

"Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a resistless unremitting stream;
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off the prize.

BLAIR.

ANOTHER year is past and gone,
Yet yonder sun is still the same,
And shines as brightly as it shone
When GOD first lighted up its flame.

The stars give out as clear a light,
And glitter in the vaulted sky,
As when they burst the womb of night
To meet their glorious queen on high.

The earth upon its axis rolls
As when its motion first began,
And from the centre to the poles,
Provideth for the wants of man.

But where are our forefathers now?
Where are the mighty men of old?
Who will their dark sepulchres show?
The ravages of death unfold?

Where are the orators who made
The despot King to quake with fear?
His citadel in ruins laid,
And summoned Freedom to appear?

Where are the boasted works of man,
The wonders of the ages past?
Like him, their day is but a span,
Like him, they fall to dust at last!

And so 'twill be—a few more years
And we too shall be dust again,
While yonder heavens, with all their spheres,
Their pristine glory shall retain.

Yea, like a meteor, we shall pass
From this unchanging world away;
Like to the withering, wasting grass,
The flower that blooms but for a day.

Then shall we not improve the year,
To God's unerring precepts bow,
And nobly do our duty here,—
The work assigned to us below?

To the Memory of Robert Burns.

"Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,—
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays!"

WORDSWORTH.

WELL may old Scotia glory in his name!
'Tis Burns that stamped her with immortal fame;
'Tis his soul-thrilling, all-inspiring song,
Has made the world around her mountains throng.
And where's the man that 's heard his matchless lay,
And melted not in ecstacy away?
Or felt not, as a brother ought to feel,
That "man's a man," be he in want or weal?
And, oh! when summoned to the battle-field,
The awful instrument of death to wield,

What is there that inspires the warrior's heart
With all that martial glory can impart,
More than th' immortal deeds of Wallace, sung
By Burns's all-electrifying tongue?
And though "the bridegroom may forget the bride,
Soon as the dear hymeneal knot is tied;"
And though the "mother may forget the child
That, dandled on her knee, so sweetly smiled;"
Yet Burns's name shall ne'er forgotten be,
Till time is merged in vast eternity.

A Midnight Vision,

WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF THE REV. G. S. BULL.

"The joy of meeting pays the pangs of absence;
Else, who could bear it?"

ROWE.

OH! that I could have drawn the veil aside
The moment that dear friend of Oastler died,—
The veil that parts this world from that to come,
This changing scene from our eternal home:
That I had seen those worthy patriots greet
In that blest land where all the good shall meet;
Surrounded by a young and happy band,
Once factory children of their fatherland!
Ah! do I not this very moment see,
Beyond the threshold of Eternity,
The men who could not on their pillows rest
Till they beheld our children's wrongs redressed,—

Till they beheld the Legislature rise,
Obedient to the mandate of the skies,
To let the tyrant and the oppressor see
That England is the country of the free;—
The land where no man has a right to strain
Another's muscles for the love of gain;
To grind the faces of the starving poor,
To treat them but as brutes, and nothing more?
O yes! there's Oastler!—'tis his well-known face,
Still brightly beaming with each Christian grace;
Oastler, thank GOD! not in a prison bound,
But with the heavenly wreath of freedom crowned!
See how he welcomes to the realms above,
With all the ardour of a seraph's love,
His friend and brother in the glorious strife
Of bygone days, for Liberty and Life!

Oh! that some angel would inspire my lay,
And drive th' absorbing cares of life away;

Teach me to celebrate the blessèd sight
Unveiled to me on this auspicious night:—
The meeting of two of the bravest men
That ever yet inspired the poet's pen,—
Men who, when danger threatened Freedom's fold,
Were more than men, were more than mortals bold,
The poor man's dear but hapless ones to save
From ruthless bondage, and an early grave!

How sweet to think the storms of life are past,
That they have reached the promised land at last!
How sweet to think that God was on their side,
When boldly they to selfish man denied
The right to trample the defenceless poor,
As if to slavery doomed for evermore!
And oh! how pleasing to review the past,
The battle they so nobly won at last;
Review the trials of this nether sphere,
The storms, the tempests, that o'ertook them here;

The snares that e'en their daily path beset,
The swords which hate and envy oft did whet
To cut them down in an unguarded hour,
Like some ill-fated, but all-fragrant flower.

'Tis theirs to range the boundless fields of light,
Where day shall never know th' approach of night;
To hold communion with the saints above,
In that blest world of beauty and of love;
To trace the banks of that celestial stream
Whose waters with eternal splendour beam;
To converse with the mighty men of old,—
Not mighty, as possessing heaps of gold,
But mighty in some great and glorious cause,
Centred and based on Heaven's most sacred laws;
The cause of Freedom, Liberty, and Love,
The cause of all the blessèd powers above;
The cause that breaks oppression's iron chain,
Our nation's deepest, darkest, foulest stain.

Lines

WRITTEN ON THE BIRTHDAY OF ONE OF THE AUTHOR'S CHILDREN.

"If any white-wing'd power above,
My joys and griefs survey,
The day when thou wert born, my love,—
He surely blessed that day.
And duly shall my raptured song,
And gladly shall my eyes,
Still bless this day's return, so long
As thou shalt see it rise."

CAMPBELL.

THOU art come to a land full of trouble and care,
To a land that o'erflows with the tears of despair,
To a land that is filled with the bones of the slain,
Where the wail of the widow is heard,—but in vain;
To a land where the high and the haughty abound,
Till the weak things of earth shall the mighty confound;

To a land that's foredoomed to calamities dire,
To storms and to tempests, to earthquake and fire,
Where no harbour awaits us, no port can be found,
That does not with dark-visaged dangers abound;
Where friends, when most needed, will vanish away,
Like the dew of the earth on a midsummer day;
But yet, my dear babe, thou hast nothing to fear,
So long as the God of thy fathers is near:
The tempest may rage, and the proud billows swell,
Yet protected by Heaven, all—all will be well!

Lines

WRITTEN ON MEETING WITH A NUMBER OF DEAR OLD FRIENDS.

"Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society."

BLAIR.

H yes! if there be yet a treat
On earth, that gives profound delight,
'Tis when old friends and comrades meet
By chance, as we meet here to-night:
It is to spend a passing hour
Amidst society like this,
Where rankling care has not the power
To taint the sparkling cup of bliss:
It is to meet a happy band
Of mirthful, free, and honest hearts;
Then sound it far o'er every land,
Friendship alone true joy imparts.

A Glorious Truth.

"See how the day beameth brightly before us,
Blue is the firmament, green is the earth;
Grief hath no voice in the universe chorus,
Nature is ringing with music and mirth:
Lift up thy eyes, that are looking in sadness,
Gaze, and if beauty can rapture thy soul,
Virtue herself shall allure thee to gladness,
Gladness—philosophy's guardian and goal."

From the German.

H! say not that here there is nothing but gloom,
No bright sunny spot on the way to the tomb;
No city of refuge to which we can fly,
When foes are upon us, and danger is nigh;
No peace on this war-waging planet of ours,
No haven of safety, no fairy-like bow'rs;
Not while we can bask in the beams of the light
Of that sun which shall never be clouded by night;
Not while we can list to the thunders on high,
As unto the voice of the cherubim nigh;
And e'en in the midst of the oak-rending storm,
Find shelter beneath some angelical form.

War.

"War knows no rest,
War owns no Sabbath; war, with impious toil
Unspent, with blood unsated, to the fiends
Of vengeance still rebellious, still pursues
His work of death; nor pauses, nor relents,
For laws divine, nor sight of human woe."

GRAHAME.

SEE yonder far-extended waste,—
To ruin and destruction doomed;
By many a stately mansion graced,
Once like a paradise it bloomed:
See yonder city, once the boast
And pride of all the country round,
By some revengeful warrior-host
Laid waste, and levelled to the ground.
Who but an angel could portray
The all-appalling scenes of war—
The blood, the bones, that track its way,
Alluring vultures from afar.

Futurity.

"Our reason prompts us to a future state,
The last appeal from fortune and from fate,
Where GOD'S all-righteous ways will be declared."

DRYDEN.

MUST all our hopes of joys to come
Dissolve and perish when we die?
Our prospects of a future home
Fade like a meteor in the sky?
Would He whose sun shall ne'er decline,
Predestine man to such a fate?
But for a moment here to shine,
Such vast intelligence create?
No! though the heavens shall pass away,
And all their radiant glories end;
The pillars of the earth decay,
And in one awful ruin blend:
No spirit shall unnumbered be
When the archangel's trump shall sound;
No soul but in eternity,
Blest or accursèd, shall be found.

Kindness.

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

COWPER.

GOD! assist me in this task of mine,
And let Thy Spirit dictate every line;
May every sentence emanate from Thee,
Whose glorious presence fills immensity;
Whose bounty feeds the raven when it cries,
And the young eagle's daily want supplies;
Whose chart and compass guide the cuckoo's wing,
When far away she seeks another Spring,
There's not a bird but on Thy care depends,
Not one but Thy all-watchful eye attends:
Then, oh! ye children, bounding on your way,
Bright as the morn, and lightsome as the day,

Learn for their little ones, their young, to care—
Earth's fields are yours, and theirs the fields of air;
Mar not a feather, ruffle not a wing,
For God not only taught them how to sing,
But tipt their pinions with a thousand dyes,
E'en with the gold that gilds the morning skies.
There's not a colt that sports along the glade,
No creature that th' Omnipotent hath made,
That was not destined, when the world began,
To be subservient to the will of man,
Placed by indulgent Heaven beneath his care,
In all the produce of the field to share;
But not to bear the tyrant's dreaded yoke,
The oft-repeated lash, th' inhuman stroke:
Ah! no—that God whose word the tempest stills,
Who owns the cattle on a thousand hills,
Marks every act of cruelty that's done,—
And none can His avenging angel shun.

Tyranny.

The two succeeding Pieces were written after reading the following paragraph in the Preface to Napoleon's "Julius Cæsar:"—

"When Providence raises up such men as Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, it is to trace out to the nations the path they ought to follow, to stamp a new era with the seal of their genius, and to accomplish in a few years the work of many centuries. Happy the nations who comprehend and follow them! Woe to those who misunderstand and resist them! they are like the Jews, they crucify their Messiah; they are blind and guilty—blind, for they see not the impotence of their efforts to suspend the final triumph of good; guilty, for they only retard its progress by impeding its prompt and fertile application."

"One murder makes a villain,
Millions a hero."

"Princes were privileged to kill,
And numbers sanctified the crime."

BISHOP PORTEOUS.

THE warrior chief of noble heart,
Who at his country's bidding goes
The tyrant from his throne to start,
To battle with his country's foes,

Is worthy of his country's praise,
If nobly he its bidding do;

And gloriously his star shall blaze
Full many a rolling century through.

But shall some all-usurping soul
Arise, and earth's dominions claim?
All kingdoms of the world control,
And make us tremble at his name?

And shall we say that such an one
Shall as a constellation shine,
When yonder stars (their duty done)
For ever shall their spheres resign?

Must every soul bow to the man
Who can the greatest numbers slay—
Achieve the most effective plan
To sweep a nation's pride away?

To comets of ill-omened birth
If every star in heaven give place,
Then woe to this ill-fated earth—
And woe to all the human race!

The Poor.

OF what avail would be our mines
With all their beds of glittering ore—
Of what avail earth's vast designs,
But for the millions—the Poor?

But for the millions, (not the few,)
That work and wield this world of ours:
What would a thousand Cæsars do,
With all their boasted wealth and powers?

Would they throw off the ermine robe,
And lay the jewelled crown aside,
To circumnavigate the globe,
Or blocks of granite to divide?

Would they themselves go dig for gold,
Melt and refine the iron ore?
What is it to be great and bold?
To be a murderer—nothing more.

A Vision of Heaven.

"The future!"—'t is the promised land,
To which Hope points with prophet hand,
Telling of fairy tales of flowers
That only change for fruit."

L. E. L.

RAISED were the doors of everlasting day,
And floods of glory issued every way,
Flowing from out a throne more bright than gold,
Round which a stream of living waters rolled;
And from the banks of that life-giving stream,
(A grand reality—no fabled dream,)
Ten thousand times ten thousand streets begun,
Like rays of light all glittering from the sun;
Of all that's brilliant formed a blazing zone,
Around that great white Heaven-erected throne!

Who knoweth what a day may bring forth?

"In bower and garden rich and rare
There's many a cherished flower,
Whose beauty fades, whose fragrance flits
Within the flitting hour."

G. W. Doane.

BUT yesterday, my friend, all mirth and glee,
Bid fair for many a rolling year to come:
To-day you may the village sexton see
With hands half palsied, digging out his tomb.

But yesterday, and one I knew full well
Began to build himself a princely hall:
To-day, touched by the hand of Death he fell,
As on the battle-field the wounded fall.

I ran to help him, but he breathed his last
As I essayed to lift his dying head:
I ran to help him, but life's day had past—
He fell, and where he fell he fell down dead!

But yesterday, and in yon cot hard by
They passed a merry, happy, jovial day,
As if some gale of mercy from on high
Had swept for ever all their cares away.

For yesterday the old man's only child
Rejoiced to see her wedding-day begun,
And, angel-like, upon her kindred smiled,
When she beheld the newly-risen sun.

To-day her knell tolls sadly in our ears,
Borne softly by the mournful breeze away!
And who, as the awful future nears,
Knows what may happen in a single day?

Spring.

"Fain would my muse the flowing treasure sing,
The humble glories of the youthful Spring."

POPE.

HEN the clouds of heaven are low'ring,
Big with fertilizing show'rs,
And their honied dews are pouring
O'er our meadows, groves, and bow'rs:

When the glittering fish are bounding
At the giddy circling fly,
And the cuckoo's notes are sounding
Cheerily along the sky:

When the beauteous flowers are springing
From the rosy lap of May,

And the busy bees are winging
The delicious hours away:

When both earth and air are teeming
With reanimated dust,
And the glorious heavens are beaming
On the wicked and the just:

What a heart that man possesses
Who exults not with delight,
And the God of Nature blesses
For His mercies day and night!

Benevolence:

SUGGESTED ON VISITING A POOR DYING MAN AT SALTAIRE, AND ON HEARING OF THE CARE AND ATTENTION BESTOWED UPON HIM BY HIS EMPLOYERS, MESSRS. TITUS SALT, SONS, AND COMPANY.

"From the low prayer of want, and plaint of woe,
O never, never turn away thine ear!
Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah! what were man should Heaven refuse to hear?"

BEATTIE.

OH! 'tis a theme on which I love to dwell,—
A theme that makes this heart of mine to swell
With more than common gratitude and love
To the great Ruler of all hearts above,—
That there are still, in this fair land of ours,
With all its mighty yet unfeeling pow'rs,
Those who delight to visit the distress'd,
And see the sons of want and sorrow blest.

Oh! what can be more pleasing to the eye
Of Him who formed th' illimitable sky,
Than to behold those great ones of the earth,
(Of vast possessions or illustrious birth,)
Our dreary courts, our sunless alleys pace,
The haunts of poverty and want to trace!
To cheer the widow in her humble cot,
By all but the Omnipotent forgot!
Upon the sick and dying to attend,
Their cup of grief with heavenly joys to blend!

Oppression.

"Oppression makes men mad, and from their breasts
All reason and all sense of duty wrests."

WALLER.

PERHAPS there never was a time when the sun of prosperity shone so brightly upon our enterprising capitalists as the present; nor when our labouring population had such ready opportunities of laying by a portion of their earnings, to prepare them for a time of adversity. Still, notwithstanding the prosperity we see around us, there are yet to be found—and that too amongst the most successful of our employers of labour—men who do not scorn to have attained their success by unworthy means; men who, perhaps, employ hundreds of their fellowmen, but ignore the common relationship, and use them only as tools wherewith to make their riches; and, in return, pay them such a scanty pittance as will scarce suffice to hold life together. Well may such injured ones ask—Where is the professed Christianity of their employers? Well may they doubt if such Christianity will stand the test in the dying hour!

HOW can he be "an Israelite indeed,"
And die the death that Joshua wished to die;
How can he to eternal life succeed,
Who doth the poor man of his rights deny?

How can he do Jehovah's sovereign will,
And serve the demon of oppression, too?
How with unrighteous gains his coffers fill,
And still the duties of a Christian do?

Man was not made to be his brother's slave,
To toil and sweat his precious life away;
To crouch along his passage to the grave,
As if 'twere haunted by some beast of prey.

Man was not destined to be bought and sold,
Nor by some upstart robbed of half his due:
Then who would share the vile oppressor's gold,
Who would such dark and selfish ends pursue?

Earth and Heaven.

"Oh! there is not lost
One of earth's charms from off her bosom yet;
After the lapse of untold centuries,
The freshness of her fair beginning lies,
And still shall lie."

PERCIVAL.

OH! it is glorious to behold
The newly-wakened sun arise,
The golden doors of heaven unfold,
To light the temple of the skies:

To see the everlasting hills,
And all the "cloud-capp'd" mountains, too,
Girt with a thousand glittering rills
Of silver, burst upon the view!

But what will all this grandeur be,
When we the bourne of life have pass'd,
When we the Heaven of heavens shall see,
The glories which for aye shall last?

Lines

ADDRESSED TO A BEREAVED FRIEND.

"The righteous die; their deeds of love
Track their bright course to realms above;
Earth's flowers in fadeless glory shine,
And Angel hands the wreath entwine."

W. J. Brock.

WHAT! died he not the death the righteous die,
With light, and life, and glory in his eye?
Was not his end like to the setting sun,
Just when the golden gates of Heaven are won?
Passed he not like the glorious sun away,
Lost in the splendours of eternal day?
Then why lament that Albert is no more,—
That all his sorrowing, sighing days are o'er?
That Death so soon the silver cord unloosed,
His eyes on all life's scenes of sorrow closed?

Little Annie Gay.

"Poor orphan! on the wide world scattered,
As budding branch sent from the native tree,
And thrown forth until it be withered."

SPENSER.

WHAT a dear and lovely child
Was little Annie Gay!
Few like her so benignly smiled
A mother's grief away.

Her eyes were bright as any star
In yonder heaven above,
Shining and glittering afar,
Like beams of heavenly love.

Her flowing locks, like links of gold
Formed by some seraph's hand,
In many a rich and wavy fold
Hung down, supremely grand!

Yet, where's the child, however fair,
Who never heaved a sigh,—
Who never flooded with despair
Its young and sparkling eye?

In one short melancholy hour,
With Annie by her side,
Crushed like some fated fragile flower,
Poor Annie's mother died,—

Imploring Heaven that Annie might
Have some one ever nigh,
To guide her youthful steps aright,
And train her for the sky.

And by that mother's dying bed,
Knelt one who then did vow
To see poor Annie clothed and fed,
While in this world below.

Yet scarcely had that mother's soul
Escaped this vale of tears,
Or passed the glittering stars that roll
Through heaven's unbounded spheres;

Than she forgot the vow she'd made
Upon her bended knee;
Forgot that little one to aid,
Her guardian here to be.

But He who promised to befriend
The motherless and poor,
Till all their earthly trials end,
Till time shall be no more;

At last He summoned Annie, too,
And called her hence away,
To where the truly righteous go
Their golden harps to play.

And as she lifted up her eyes,
(Glazed by the hand of death,)
And gazed upon the opening skies,
With softly ebbing breath;—

"My mother comes! oh see!" she cried,
"Descending from above!
"My mother!" she exclaimed, and died,
Wrapt in seraphic love.

Such was the end of Annie dear,
That bright, that blessèd star,
Sent but to show us mortals here,
How beauteous angels are.

But when that little one was dead,
And mouldering in the dust,—
When her triumphant soul had fled
To mingle with the just;—

Her fair, but base, inconstant friend
No peace, no comfort knew:
And so all holy pleasures end
Whene'er we prove untrue!

No happy dreams, no slumbers light,
Could she at midnight boast;
But some unearthly, fiendlike sprite,
Or some unsightly ghost,

Would haunt her at that dreary hour,
And fill her soul with dread,
As if she saw Heaven's vengeance lower
On her devoted head.

But when life's closing scene drew nigh,
What were her feelings then?
Could she repress the anguished sigh,
Or gushing tears restrain?

Was little Annie sent to bid
Her welcome to the skies?
Was little Annie sent to bid
Her soul triumphant rise?

Had she a glorious hope in death,
A guardian spirit nigh,
An angel waiting for her breath?
Answer.—There's no reply.

Solitude.

"O sacred Solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid."

YOUNG.

H! 'tis divinely sweet to steal
From this vain world away,
The bliss of solitude to feel,
As shuts the eye of day.

Far from the busy scenes of life,
To seek some lonely spot,
Where all of earthly care and strife
May be awhile forgot!

To watch the bright, the full-orbed moon,
The heights of heaven ascend,
With all the stars around her throne,
The hymn of praise to blend!

To sit and hold communion sweet
With Him who reigns on high;
In some secluded, lone retreat,
Unseen by mortal eye.

Friendship.

"And what is Friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep?"

GOLDSMITH.

H! if there's a man upon earth I detest—
If there's one who should go to his fathers unblest,
O'er the turf of whose tomb not a tear should be shed,
For the peace of whose soul not a prayer should be read,
Oh! believe me, 'tis he who, in life's brightest days,
While he basks in their sunshine will glut me with praise;
But alas! when the time of my glory is past,
When the dark fiend of ruin is heard in the blast,
When my vintage has failed, and my table 's unspread,
When the Chaldean bands with my cattle have fled,
When my gold and my silver, like birds of the night,
Have made themselves wings, and have taken their flight:—
Will leave me to want and to ruin a prey,
As the refuse of earth, or the scum of the day.

The Queen.

"I've scann'd the actions of his daily life
With all the industrious malice of a foe,
And nothing meets mine eyes but deeds of honour."

HANNAH MORE.

HOW is it that while other lands
By Heaven are doomed to fall,
That Britain still so nobly stands,
The wonder of them all?

How is it that when o'er the sea
The battle-flag 's unfurled,
That hither all the vanquished flee—
The refuge of the world?

That while so many despot Kings
Dashed to the dust have been,
Old England still so proudly sings
The praises of her Queen?

It is because she will not see
Her subjects cringing round;
But holds the hand of Liberty
To all on British ground!

'Tis that our Sovereign has a mind
Above all low design;
And hence upon her brow we find
The star of peace doth shine.

The Old Man and his Grand-daughter.

"O mortals, short of sight, who think the past
O'erblown misfortune still shall prove the last!
Alas! misfortunes travel in a train,
And oft in life form one perpetual chain;
Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,
Till life and sorrow meet one common end."

YOUNG.

NEAR yonder vale, so oft the Poet's theme,
The source of many a happy, blissful dream,
Where I in childhood sweetly whiled away
The fleeting hours of many a sunny day;
Beneath the shelter of a well known wood
A little rustic straw-thatched cottage stood—
A Paradise on earth, if one there be
In all this grand but vicious world to see;
Where, for a still more glorious country bound,
Lived in unruffled peace with all around

An Israelite in whom there dwelt no guile,
Whose face was e'er illumined with a smile.
An orphan child, but five years old at most,
Was all he could of mortal kindred boast;
The tender object of his cares and fears,
And solace of his fast declining years.
Oft was he heard to say—This little one,
The fairest, sweetest flow'r beneath the sun—
A tiny bark upon a stormy sea—
My dear and only daughter left to me:
Never shall I her parting look forget,
Never—till memory's sun for aye shall set!
Imploringly she clasped her hands, and cried,
"Heaven bless my child!" and in that moment died.

But scarcely had the days of mourning fled,
Or the first daisy flourished o'er her head,
When on one summer morning, bright and fair,
While lightly tripping on the banks of Aire,

A beauteous flower his little darling spied,
Suspended o'er the deep deceitful tide;
She tried to pluck it, but o'erstepped the bank,
And in the calm and limpid current sank.
Old Simeon from the threshold of his door,
His whitewashed porch with ivy mantled o'er,
Beheld his darling as she floated by,
And headlong plunged to save her or to die;
But both, alas! were swiftly borne away,
And ere the night o'ertook that fatal day,
Fast in the arms of death together bound,
That brave old man and Emma's corpse were found!

In Memoriam.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE CANON STOWELL.

"Still o'er the grave that holds the dear remains,
The mouldering urn, her spirit left below,
Fond fancy dwells, and pours funereal strains,
The soul-dissolving melody of woe."

SCOTT, of Amwell.

HOW Satan trembled when that man of GOD
Essayed to battle with the powers of Hell;
And tottering Rome itself began to nod,
Like Troy's devoted pillars ere they fell.

Who in such glowing language could portray
The mystery of the love of GOD to man?
Like him, could bear th' enraptured soul away,
The grandeur of the spirit-world to scan?

Well may the Church of England, bathed in tears,
Lament that Canon Stowell is no more!
That he has numbered his appointed years,
And that his span of life so soon is o'er!

Woman.

"O Woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

SCOTT.

HO is it soothes the heart of man
When overwhelmed with care?
Who is it keeps the heart of man
From sinking in despair?—
Woman!

Who is it that will linger near
To help and cheer him on,
To wipe away the bitter tear
When all his friends are gone?—
Woman!

Who is it that can make his home
Like one of Eden's bowers,
And strew his pathway to the tomb
With never-fading flowers?—
Woman!

Who with her sweet angelic smile
Can soften every ill,
The winter of man's life beguile,
And make it summer still?—
Woman!

Who when the chilly damps of death
Upon his brow descend,
Bends o'er him as he pants for breath,
His first and latest friend?—
Woman!

Thoughts

SUGGESTED ON BEHOLDING THE REMAINS OF ONE OF THE AUTHOR'S CHILDREN.

"'Tis hard to be parted from those
With whom we for ever could dwell!"

MRS. OPIE.

WHAT is it that my eyes behold,
So pale, inanimate—so cold—
So beautiful in death?
Can it be one of heavenly birth,
Some angel-visitant on earth,
That's parted with its breath?

No! 'tis a little child of mine,
In form and features too divine,
Too delicate and fair,

For such a changeful world as this,
Wherein there 's scarce one cup of bliss
That's dashed not with despair.

And hence, from yonder happy sphere,
Where evil never shall appear,
Where death shall never come;
Where sorrow shall for ever cease,
And where the olive branch of peace
Eternally shall bloom:

At midnight hour an angel came,
This favourite of the Heavens to claim,
For a more genial sky:
At midnight hour she passed away,
And sweetly smiling, seemed to say—
"Weep not for me! Good-bye!"

Onward!

"Why lose we life in anxious cares,
To lay in hoards for future years?
Can these, when tortured by disease,
Cheer our sick hearts, or purchase ease?
Can these prolong one gasp of breath,
Or calm the troubled hour of death?"

GAY.

ONWARD! Onward! was the cry,
In the day when I was young:
Onward! upward to the sky!
Zealously our fathers sung.

Onward! let your motto be,
Unto GOD your duty do:
Onward! to eternity,
In the path the righteous go.

Onward! till the saints unfold
Heaven's bright gates to let you in;

Brighter far than burnished gold
Is the crown that you may win.

Onward! see ye not the gate
Of the Citadel of Rest:
Onward! where the angels wait
For the spirits of the blest.

Onward! onward! but not up,
Now their children's children cry;
Onward! onward! but not up—
What is there beyond the sky?

Onward! wheresoe'er you be,
Getting all the gold you can;
Gold alone, on land or sea,
Makes and constitutes the man!

Earth and Heaven Contrasted.

"Beauty was lent to Nature as the type
Of Heaven's unspeakable and holy joy,
Where all perfection makes the sum of bliss."

MRS. HALL.

SEE how th' all-enchanting flowers
Adorn the hills around,
Imparadise our summer bowers,
And beautify the ground.

And is there yet a fairer land
Than this beyond the sky,
With hills and vales more nobly grand,
More pleasing to the eye?

Oh! yes—there is a fairer land
Than this beyond the sky,

More lovely, more divinely grand,
More charming to the eye:

The valleys there are ever green,
And beauteous to behold;
And there the hills are never seen
But clad in robes of gold.

Winter shall never blow her breath
Upon those scenes so fair;
Nor shall the ghastly forms of death
E'er gain an entrance there.

The Hypocrite.

"Why didst thou choose the cursèd sin,
Hypocrisy, to set up in?"

BUTLER.

LIFT up thine eyes, O man, and see
The sun in all his splendour rise;
Beaming afar o'er earth and sea,
And opening out the boundless skies.

Behold the firmament on high,
Behold it at the midnight hour;
Behold its myriad worlds, and try
To fathom th' Almighty's power:

To trace the wonders of His hand
Upon the bosom of the deep,

When mountain-like, sublimely grand,
From shore to shore proud billows sweep.

Behold! and tell me how you dare
Presume to mock the Deity?
How in the face of Heaven to wear
That damning mask Hypocrisy?

Does not the Great Eternal know
The inmost secrets of the heart?
Does not the Great Eternal know
Who acts or saint's or sinner's part?

Time.

"Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of Nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow."

SHAKSPERE.

HOW short 's the allotted time of man!
How fleeting his appointed day!
A momentary breath, a span,
A shadow flitting fast away.

Yet there are those who seem to think
Life's transient joys will ne'er be o'er—
That they will at the fountain drink
Of earthly bliss for evermore:

That they shall call their lands their own
For years, for ages yet to come;
Reap that which other hands have sown,
And balk the still insatiate tomb.

The Adulteress.

"Of all wild beasts preserve me from a tyrant;
Of all tame, a flatterer."

BEN JONSON.

COME! come with me, and take your fill of love,
"'Tis that alone which rules the realms above;"
I'll draw my silken curtains round your head,
With myrrh and cassia perfume my bed.
Then come, enjoy the midnight hour with me,
This snow-white bosom shall your pillow be,
Where you may slumber till the morning light
Has chased away the blissful hours of night.

He followed;—but, like one in battle slain,
He fell, alas! no more to rise again!

The Poor Man.[8]

"O blissful poverty!
Nature, too partial, to thy lot assigns
Health, freedom, innocence, and downy peace—
Her real goods—and only mocks the great
With empty pageantries."

FENTON.

OH! if there be a sight I love to see,
It is the poor man in his humble cot,
Content and happy as frail man can be,
(However poor) with his appointed lot!

It is the man who cheerfully will *work*,
In just obedience to his Maker's will;
The man who never willingly doth shirk
The task which Heaven designed him to fulfil.

But for the poor man, all men would be poor—
To him the rich man all his affluence owes;
And small indeed would be the miser's store,
But for the sweat which from the poor man flows.

The poor man is the greatest man on earth,
The most renowned amongst the heavenly host;
The poor man (IF HE BE A MAN) is worth
Ten thousand worlds, with all that they can boast!

Lines

RECITED ON THE CHRISTENING OF A LITTLE CHILD BELONGING TO A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

O GOD! may this lovely, this beautiful boy,
All the blessings of earth and of Heaven enjoy!
May a cherubim band, sent down from the skies,
His sentinels be when he closes his eyes;
And when he awakes, may his eyelids unfold
On a sky that is radiant with purple and gold:
May his pathway be strewn with the choicest of flowers,
And the sunshine of Eden illumine his bowers:
And when he has finished his course upon earth,
May the same heavenly band that encompassed his birth,
Surround him again, to escort him away
To a land where no night shall o'ershadow the day!

The Christian indeed.

"Religion's ray no clouds obscure,
But o'er the Christian's soul
It sheds a radiance calm and pure,
Though tempests round him roll."

Anon.

HOW blest is the man that's a Christian indeed,
The man who can feel for a brother in need—
The man who delighteth to help the opprest,
To see that the poor and the needy are blest!
How sunny and bright his horizon appears,
As the verge of the grave undaunted he nears,
It is tinged with the glories that stream from on high,
It is lit with the light of th' angelical sky!
Like the bow of the beautiful sunbeams above,
It is gilded with mercy, and perfumed with love.
And oh! when he enters the Valley of Death,
Though gasping, and panting, and struggling for breath,
How sweetly his head on his pillow reclines,
While on him the light of eternity shines!

Lines

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE REV. G. S. BULL,[9]
WRITTEN BY REQUEST FOR THE BRADFORD
"ST. JAMES' PARISH MAGAZINE."

HAT cared he for the miser's boasted gold!
To have his name amongst the rich enrolled!
His was a higher aim, a nobler end,
Than this vain world's possessions to extend:
'Twas his delight to plead the widow's cause;
To vindicate the great Eternal's laws;
To help the poor man in his hour of need,
As Heaven in mercy and in love decreed.
And oh! how oft throughout the midnight hour,
As if endowed with more than mortal power,
He toiled to set the slaves of Britain free!
To let the tyrant and th' oppressor see
That there's a God enthroned above all height,
Amidst the blaze of Heaven's unsullied light!
That there's a God whose vengeance shall o'ertake

High-towering pride, and make the haughty quake;
Give to the winds of heaven th' oppressor's gain,
And hurl him back to beggary again.

Then who would not his noble acts rehearse,
Immortalise him in immortal verse!
Sing of the nightly vigils that he kept;
How o'er the children of the poor he wept,
To see them all but from the cradle torn,
To see them on a father's shoulders borne,
To work and toil the weary hours away,
Like fettered slaves, throughout the livelong day;
As if their very limbs were made of steel;
As if they could no aching sinews feel;
As if they were but doomed to wear the chain,
Another's pomp and glory to maintain;
To be the vassals of a tyrant's will,
His coffers with unhallowed gold to fill.
Yet this shall still his weeping friends sustain,—
We know our loss is his eternal gain!

Duty.

WRITTEN FOR, AND READ AT, A YOUNG MEN'S DINNER PARTY.

"Possessions vanish, and opinions change,
And passion holds a fluctuating seat;
But, subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
Duty remains."

WORDSWORTH.

NEVER leave undone to-day
Aught that Heaven commands you do;
Time 's receding fast away—
Still as death the moments go.

Never triumph o'er your foe,
Nor exult to see him fall;
Think that you are mortal too—
Hidden snares beset us all.

Never act a treacherous part;
Knowing that, where'er you be,
God can read your inmost heart—
Every thought and motion see.

And that you may never crave
Aught a brother has to spare,
Strive some little store to save—
For the ills of life prepare.

Do your duty, one and all,
Do it both to God and man;
When you see a brother fall,
Run and help him, if you can.

Generosity.

"For true charity,
Though ne'er so secret, finds a just reward."

THOMAS MAY.

OH yes! there's a something that can't be expressed,
In relieving the wants of the poor and distressed;
For in blessing another, the heart's doubly blessed.
And liveth there one who no pleasure can find
In soothing, in softening the ills of mankind,
To the heavenly duties of Charity blind;—
Whose heart is as hard as the nether millstone,
Who will pass by the wounded, and leave him alone,
Though he's flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone?
He shall sink to his grave unlamented at last,
Destruction shall sweep him away at a blast
To the shades where the refuse of Hell shall be cast!

Lines

ADDRESSED TO MR. T—.

"I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind."

SHAKSPERE.

" HEN fare-thee-well! I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake,
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than, T—, trust that heart of thine."

Didst thou not say—Go, take the field,
And like a conquering hero fight;
Go, and I'll make thy foes to yield;
Go, and I'll put them all to flight?

And didst thou not the battle sell,
When I the victory had won?
T—, where does that being dwell
Who could a fouler deed have done?

What heart more hard, more vile can be,
Than that which can betray a friend;
Expose him on a stormy sea,
And then his sails asunder rend?

The Tongue.

"'Twas slander filled her mouth with lying words,—
Slander, the foulest whelp of sin."

POLLOK.

WHEN the tongue is unbridled, what mischief is done,
What a hell upon earth in a moment 's begun!
'Tis a weapon that most can with cruelty wield,
And the wounds it inflicteth but seldom are healed;
No venomous reptile can sting us so deep,
So chase from our pillow the angel of sleep:
'Tis a tempest which nothing on earth can control—
A legion of demons encamped in the soul;
Tis a flame that's enkindled and fostered in hell,
And who the extent of its ruin can tell!

The Righteous.

"Say ye to the righteous, It shall be well with him."

"Happy were men, if they but understood
There is no safety but in doing good!"

FOUNTAIN.

H! how supremely blest is he,
Whatever storms may rise,
Who through the darkest cloud can see
The light of other skies!

Who trembles not beneath the blast
That rends the oak in twain,
Knowing that when the storm is past
The heavens shall smile again!

Knowing that the Eternal's word
Is firmer than the poles;—
The loudest thunder ever heard,
Heaven's majesty controls;

That not a billow sweeps the sea
Without His sovereign will,
No storm but waits on His decree,
His mandate to fulfil.

David and Goliah.

"But the might's with the right;
From the cloud breaks the light;
And the head high at morning,
May lie low ere the night."

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

EHOLD! the giant warrior of Gath
Comes like the potentate of Heaven and earth;
Scorns with contempt the bold intrepid youth
Arrayed in all the panoply of Truth;
Tells him his flesh and body shall be given
A feast for reptiles and the fowls of heaven.

But, hark! that brave, undaunted youth replies,
Lifting on high his Heaven-directed eyes—
"The ravenous vulture and the savage beast
Shall on thy carcase, O Goliah! feast."
Nearer and nearer, see, the champions draw,
While halting armies wait with speechless awe:
Nerved by that Power that rends the earth in twain,
And the same moment closes it again,—
Though by a stripling slung, the well-aimed stone
Sinks in the forehead of the champion!

Pride.

"Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and mislead the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is Pride—that never-failing vice of fools."

POPE.

OH! I have seen, e'en in my day,
A haughty ***** lift up his head
As if he could the whirlwind stay,
Or sweep the ocean from its bed.

I've seen him with a scornful eye
Turn from the cottage of the poor,
And pass the helpless beggar by,
As but a worm, and nothing more.

But then, again, I've seen him fall,
Dashed headlong back from whence he rose,
His boasted wealth, his pomp, his all,
Exchanged for want, with all its woes.

To an Unknown Friend.

"A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And formed a friend sincere."

OH! how it soothes the troubled mind,
When sinking in despair,
Some kind, some kindred soul to find,
Anxious our griefs to share—
To stem the bursting tears that flow
From fountains breaking up with woe.

And how consoling are the sighs,
When every hope has flown,
That in another's bosom rise
Responsive to our own!

The throbbings of a friendly heart,
E'en in despair some joy impart.

Then, oh! my friend, whene'er the tear
Of sorrow dims thine eye,
May some Samaritan be near,
Some guardian angel nigh,
Gently to wipe that tear away—
The fountain of thy griefs to stay.

Lines

ON SEEING THE CORPSE OF A LITTLE CHILD BELONGING TO A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

"Gather the rosebuds while you may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And that same flower that blooms to-day
To-morrow may be dying."

HERRICK.

HOW oft the fairest flow'rets die
Before meridian day;
Or caught by some enraptured eye,
Are quickly borne away!

Thus in its own sequestered bower,
An angel, in disguise,
By chance espied this matchless flower,
And plucked it for the skies.

Lust.

"But when Lust
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being."

MILTON.

HY should we long for that which ne'er
Can satisfy th' immortal mind;—
For pleasures pregnant with despair,
And leave eternal joys behind?

Why should we pant for other streams
Than those the wells of life supply;—
For waters where pollution teems,
And pass the living fountains by?

Childhood.

"And I saw a lovely child, who knelt
Beside the cot where his father dwelt,
At the sunset hour; and his hands were raised
Toward the sky, on which he gazed;
And on his rosy lips a prayer
Seemed hovering, like the summer air:
'Fear'st thou,' said I, 'the shades of even?'
He smiled, and said—'See how bright is Heaven!'"

M. A. Brown.

THOUGHT that my childhood for ever would last,
With all its romances so gay;
But the days that I fancied would never be past,
How swiftly they vanished away!

I thought—but, alas! it was only a dream—
I thought, as the older I grew,

My joys would flow on in a far richer stream
Than e'er in my childhood they flew.

But though the delights of my childhood are gone,
And my pillow's left flooded with tears,
A land full of beauty, to mortals unknown,
From Pisgah's high mountain appears:

A land where the weary for ever shall rest,
And their sorrows for ever shall cease;
The land of immortals, the land of the blest—
The loved region of glory and peace!

The Troubles of Life.

"I hold the world but as the world—
A stage, where every man must play his part,
And mine a sad one." SHAKSPERE.

HERE is the man who ne'er retired to weep
One deep-drawn, silent, solitary tear;
Before whose startled eyes, when closed in sleep,
No ghastly phantom ever did appear?

What mariner has never felt the shocks
Of some o'erwhelming, desolating wave;
Or, near the precincts of some hidden rocks,
Never been threatened with a watery grave?

Does not the footsore traveller often pant
To taste again the honied joys of home?
And the sad exile pray that Heaven may grant
One ray of sunshine on his hopeless doom?

Oh, what a world!—a dreary desert this,
O'errun with known and unknown beasts of prey,
Uprooting all the plants of social bliss—
Tearing the olive branch of peace away!

Remonstrance,

ON BEING REQUESTED "TO STAND FOR B——.G"

"The time has been when no harsh sounds would fall
From lips that now may seem imbued with gall;
But now so callous grown, so changed since youth,
I've learned to think, and sternly speak the truth."

BYRON.

STAND for B——g, and be bound,
Slave-like, to the powers that be!
Freedom shall in chains be found,
Ere to man I'll bend the knee.

Stand for B——g! and declare
That the smoke is nobly grand,
That it purifies the air,
Tills and fructifies the land!

Stand for B——g! What! and wink
At the wrongs the great ones do;
Stand, and like a coward shrink
From my bounden duties too!

Stand for B——g! never more,
Till the poor man dare be free
As that God the Heavens adore
Formed and destined him to be!

Till he dare a freeman go,
Of no dastard spy afraid;
And, as every man should do,
Vote unbiassed, undismayed:

Fearless, though a D— there
Vauntingly should take his stand,
And with proud presumptuous air,
Despot-like, his men command;

Fearless, though a T— should
His unmanly bearing show,
By those voters understood
Who that haughty tyrant know;

Fearless, though a C— should be,
With his dark deceitful eye,
At the polling booth to see,
Who should dare his word defy;

Fearless, once again I say,
Though *that* senseless, brainless man,
B—, like some beast of prey,
Shall be there the votes to scan.

Stand for B—g! yes, I may,
When the men their man can choose;
But till that far distant day
I shall like a man refuse.

Stand for B—g! never more,
Till the poor man dare be free
As that God the Heavens adore
Formed and destined him to be.

When he dare, I'll stand again,
For I dearly love the place
For the few brave-hearted men
Who that ward so nobly grace:

Men whose friendship does not share
In the meteor's sudden blaze—
Men whose friendship will compare
With the sun's eternal rays:

Like the sun each day the same,
Ever true and sound at heart,
Burning with a constant flame,
Joy and gladness to impart.

And, whate'er my fate may be,
As revolving years roll on,
Like the billows of the sea,
Here, and then for ever gone:

May I meet those friends on high,
Where the good alone shall meet,
Then my bliss beyond the sky
Shall for ever be complete.

Fate:

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF HIS FIRST-BORN.

"Alas! what stay is there in human state?
Or who can shun inevitable fate?
The doom was written, the decree was past,
Ere the foundations of the world were cast."

DRYDEN.

AND is there not a time for man to die,
Fixed in the irrevocable book of fate?
Who can reverse the edict of the sky,
Or shun the death Heaven doomed him to await?
And know you not there's not a sparrow falls
Unnoticed by the Eye that never sleeps;—
That when the Almighty on an infant calls,
It is in love and mercy that He speaks?
Then, oh! my friend, repress the rising sigh,
God only knoweth when to strike the blow;
Upon the goodness of His arm rely,
And you the secret of the Lord shall know;—
Shall know that there is not a sparrow falls
Unnoticed by the Eye that never sleeps;
That when the Almighty on an infant calls,
It is in love and mercy that He speaks!

Thoughts

SUGGESTED ON VIEWING THE PORTRAIT OF E—A H—Y, OF BRADFORD, A KIND FRIEND OF THE AUTHORS.

"The ear inclined to every voice of grief;
The hand that op'd spontaneous to relief;
The heart whose impulse stayed not for the mind
To freeze, to doubt what charity enjoined,—
Best spring to man's warm instinct for mankind."

The New Timon.

WHO ever saw him turn away
Coldly from one in need,
Or knew him say the suppliant nay,
Either by word or deed?

Long as he sees a friend distrest,
His hand is open still;
He'd rob his own delightful nest
Another's nest to fill.

And shall such beings live and die
Unnoticed, unrenowned?
Sooner the stars shall quit the sky,—
The sun forget its round.

A Vision:

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. WILLIAM SHERWOOD, AND SET TO MUSIC BY THE LATE MR. G. ROBINSON.

S I lay on my bed in the dead of the night,
A fair being appeared, most resplendently bright;
And his wings seemed the essence of purple and flame;
In a full flood of splendour and glory he came:
A star-studded diadem gleamed on his brow,
And the robe that he wore appeared whiter than snow.
Then I shaded my eyes, for he shone like a sun
As he hovered above me, and sweetly begun:—
"Oh, thou dweller on earth, be thy heart not dismayed,
Nor let gloomy forebodings thy bosom pervade;
For I'm winging my way to the chamber of death,
There to watch and to wait for the last parting breath
Of a form that I loved in the days of my youth—
A dear fav'rite of Heaven, and a champion of truth:
Yes, I go to conduct him in triumph away
From this earth's dreary night to bright regions of day!"

I awoke—and, alas! my dear pastor was dead;
Yea, the spirit of Sherwood for ever had fled!

Finale.

"All hail! ye fields, where constant peace attends!
All hail! ye sacred, solitary groves!
All hail! ye books, my true, my real friends,
Whose conversation pleases and improves."

WALSH.

IF there be aught that I have penned
That will not stand the test of truth,
That will the Church of GOD offend,
Or vitiate the mind of youth:

If there be aught in this my book
That shall disturb my peace in death,
Make me abashed upon it look,
As I resign my fleeting breath;—

Then may it perish, like a wreck
That's cast upon the angry deep,
While o'er its desolated deck
The wild and ruthless billows sweep:

Yea, may it sink, no more to rise
Upon the sea of time again;—
For ever lost to mortal eyes
In dark oblivion's waveless main.

But should it to the good man yield
One hour of pure, unfeigned delight,
If in its pages be revealed
One ray of Heaven's unsullied light:

Should some poor man within this book
Aught to console his spirit find,
For comfort in these musings look,
When anxious cares press fast behind:

Or should the widow's heart rejoice
To scan these humble verses o'er;—
Believe my spirit's inmost voice,
That's all I wish—I ask no more.

Charity.

CHARITY.

(WRITTEN FOR A SPECIAL OCCASION.)

"CHARITY," says one of the inspired writers, suffereth long, and is kind; Charity envieth not, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil:" and Cowper says—

> "Did Charity prevail, the Press would prove
> A vehicle of virtue, peace, and love."

But, alas! it does not prevail, as is seen not only in the field of battle, where the pride of a nation is sometimes cut off even in a single day, but also in every part of the habitable globe wherever has been imprinted the foot of man. And is there not even less of that brotherly love and affection now than in days gone by?

> "Has not the all-absorbing love of gain
> The dove-winged seraph of affection slain?"

Some seventy years ago, in the days of that heavenly-minded man the late Rev. Bartimas Goodman, vicar of Fairford, a kindly feeling pervaded the breasts of the inhabitants; the rich and the poor met together, knowing that the LORD was the maker of them all; and the holy and beautiful house, the old Parish Church, was then held in the highest veneration: every Sabbath day its hallowed walls resounded with the prayers and the praises of the inhabitants, and

> "Oft have I thought if there were aught below
> That could the faintest glimpse of Heaven bestow,
> Of yonder bright and beatific sphere,
> That never yet was watered with a tear,—
> It was the beauty of that House of Prayer,
> When high and low met undistinguished there;
> The glorious incense of unfeignèd love
> Ascending from the heart to heaven above;
> The humble adorations of the poor,
> Devoutly met their SAVIOUR to adore."

And, oh! what pleasure there is in contemplating the life of some noble-hearted, charitable man!—of such a one as, even at this moment, in imagination, bursts upon my

view, and of whom it may be truly said, that a being with a nobler heart never existed—that one more beloved by his workpeople could nowhere be found. In their hours of sickness he watched over them with a parental tenderness; and when, through old age and infirmities, they could no longer perform their daily task, a weekly allowance was granted them, thus making a permanent provision for their declining years; and though upwards of a quarter of a century has elapsed since that gentleman retired from the busy haunts of trade and commerce into the quiet haven of private life, numbers of his old servants are still enjoying the weekly allowance so generously bestowed upon them. Perhaps there is not a man living who has done more for the once greatly-to-be-pitied factory child. It was he who first, with the Holy Bible before him (opened, no doubt, to that beautiful passage which saith "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven") exposed the unheard-of horrors of the factory system in the town and neighbourhood of Fairford. It was he who first made known how the children of the poor were torn from their beds by five or six o'clock in the morning

—and on many occasions much earlier—and compelled to labour till eight or nine in the evening, with only twenty minutes during the whole day allowed for meals. It was he who first suggested to one of the most eloquent men of his day the urgent necessity there was for not only emancipating the swarthy grown-up slaves in distant lands, but also for freeing the infantile population at home,—of breaking the bonds of oppression, and of saying to the oppressor, as with a voice of thunder—"Thus far shalt thou go, and no further." It was his purse which enabled that eloquent man to carry out the fervent desire of his soul—to shield the factory child from the hand of the petty tyrant, and enable him to

> "Stand, prophet-like, upon Britannia's isle,
> Shielded and blest by Heaven's approving smile,
> To let the rulers of the people hear
> That they must rule in righteousness and fear,
> That they must govern with impartial sway,
> And sweep oppression from the world away."

Never was that man of God so happy as when engaged in acts of charity and benevolence; and knowing that the appointed time of man upon earth is but of short duration

—that he is destined to survive the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds—that a place of everlasting happiness or misery awaits him beyond the changing scenes of this transitory life,—he was not unmindful of their future and everlasting welfare; as an evidence of which, go and see yon beautiful temple—a lasting monument of his love and devotedness to the poor — a temple of which it may truly be said, "that while one stone remains upon another, it will be a monument more durable than brass of the noble liberality of the worthy founder;" and within the walls thereof, when the bones of that man shall be mouldering in the dust, thousands yet unborn shall meet to sing the praises of Him "who oft descends to visit men unseen, and through their habitations walks to mark their doings."

ENVY not the man whose sordid heart
Has not one single blessing to impart,
To cheer the widow when of all bereft,
When nothing but the vacant chair is left;—

The man who cares not for the withering blight
That on his neighbour's vineyard may alight,
Nor for the pestilence that rends the air
At midnight, with a shriek of wild despair,
While the destroying angel passes o'er
His own accursed, inhospitable door.

Oh! if there is a being to be found
In all this wide extended world around,
Beloved on earth, and registered on high
As one made meet and fitted for the sky,
'Tis he who, knowing he is but a man,
Whose days on earth are shorter than a span,
Whose life e'en as a shadow flits away,
Whose goodly frame is but a heap of clay,—
Seeks for a more enduring rest on high,
An everlasting city in the sky;
Assists the poor man in the hour of need,
Delights himself in every noble deed;

Compared to his, what is the hero's name,
Though he may twice a hundred battles claim?
Compared to his, what is the prince's birth,
Whose hopes are all concentred upon earth?
Can wealth or fame alone a refuge find,
A covert from the tempest and the wind,
In that momentous, that tremendous day
When Heaven's artillery on the world shall play,
And sweep the everlasting hills away?
No, no! but heaven-born Charity shall stand
Firm as the pillars of th' ETERNAL's hand;
And as the citadel of Heaven secure,
Long as the sun, and moon, and stars endure!

The Press.

The Press.

(SPOKEN AT A DINNER PARTY, WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS CALLED UPON TO GIVE "THE PRESS.")

TO do justice to "The Press" would require the tongue of an angel, and the wisdom of one of the highest order of celestial intelligences; for it is to a free and unfettered Press that England is, in a great measure, indebted for the high and exalted position she holds amongst the nations of the earth. Had that glorious machine, the Press, never been invented, there is no doubt that, even to the present day, we should have been trafficking in the blood and bones of our fellow-creatures, and looking upon slavery with an eye of exultant satisfaction. Had that wonderful machine never had existence, how many who are now filling some of the highest stations in society, and even sitting with the Kings and Princes of the earth,

would still have been grinding at the mill, or, for a scanty pittance, attending to the labours of the field? Without the Press, what should we have known of the mighty men of old? or of the great and good of bygone days? What should we have known of the grand and all-amazing discoveries which have been made in the heavens above us, and the wonderful achievements in the earth below? And though even the very globe itself may be said to be one vast network of railways,—and though the electric wires have given to us the glorious privilege of holding communion with almost every nation on the face of the earth,—yet, notwithstanding all these things, without the Press, how little should we have known of the passing events of the day, amidst the hum of the ongoing world around us!

THE Press! the Press! the mighty Press!
With everlasting blessings fraught!
Who can thy glorious acts express,
Or tell the wonders thou hast wrought?

'Tis thine to break Oppression's chain,
To set the guiltless captive free;
Earth's dreaded despots to restrain,
And pave the way of Liberty.

'Tis thine, with more than trumpet voice
To herald in the reign of Peace;
To bid despairing lands rejoice,
And War, with all its woes, to cease.

'Tis thine all nations to unite
In one blest bond of heavenly love;
To spread abroad the hallowed light,
Descended from the realms above.

'Tis thine, O Press!—thine to display
The might of the ETERNAL's hand,
Which can the foaming billows stay,
And turn the ocean into land.

'Tis thine to scatter far and wide
The priceless treasures of the mind;
To see our thirsty souls supplied
From fountains in the heavens enshrined.

Notes.

NOTES.

NOTE I.

"Nor taint with fetid breath the vital air."

[*The reader will find a full exposition of the meaning of the above line in the following extracts from Speeches delivered by the Author before the Corporation of Bradford, on the Smoke Nuisance.*]

The Smoke Nuisance is one of the greatest nuisances in the whole borough; but it is some gratification to know that there are a few in the Council of the same opinion as myself with regard to that gloomy subject; and there are hundreds, if not thousands, in the town and neighbourhood, who look upon it not merely as a nuisance of the greatest magnitude, but also as an evidence of a most serious dereliction of duty on the part of the Town Council to permit its continuance. I have no hesitation in saying, that if the whole of the medical men of this country were consulted on this subject, by far the greater portion, if not the whole of them, would be of the same mind as was that highly-gifted and eloquent man, the late Dr. Beaumont (the "Martyr of the Corporation") who, to use his own words, "was fully convinced that a smoky atmosphere had not only an injurious effect upon the health and the comforts of the community at large, but that it was also injurious to vegetation." Therefore, whatever amount of money may be expended on the external embellishments of the public or pri-

vate buildings in Bradford, it is, to a very great extent, so much money thrown away; for no sooner is the structure completed, than the curse of the smoke nuisance falls upon it, and all its beauties disappear beneath the gloom.

Looking down from the surrounding heights upon the town the other day, and seeing it submerged in a sea of smoke, where a thousand dark billows were incessantly rolling, I could not help thinking that there would be but few places where the inhabitants would be more comfortable or more healthy, being so highly favoured with an abundant supply of water, if the town were efficiently drained; if that monster nuisance the Canal were cleansed of its impurities; and if the provisions of the 29th section of the Bradford Improvement Act were carried out, so that the smoke would be either consumed or abated—at least so far as it is possible to do it: and I firmly believe that to clear the atmosphere of Bradford from its contaminating influence, would be no difficult task: though there are gentlemen in this assembly who, without ever making themselves in the least acquainted with the subject, will unblushingly assert that the smoke cannot be consumed—gentlemen who will tell you that there is something sublimely grand in the heavens being darkened at noon-day, our costly and magnificent buildings covered with soot, and the trees which once so beautifully flourished around us, being shrivelled up, as if the burning breath of the simoon had passed over them. But at Saltaire, with little less than 2,000 horse power, and something over 40 furnaces, nearly the whole of the smoke is consumed, and that with a considerable saving to the enterprising owners thereof. In many of the principal towns and cities of England, a Smoke Nuisance Inspector is maintained, and the manufacturers are compelled to use every precaution; and in London, the penalty for the first offence is five pounds, and it is doubled for every subsequent offence. It was not until the Legislature were thoroughly con-

vinced that the smoke could be consumed, that they insisted on its being done. Therefore, seeing that these things are so, I would ask—Is it not the duty of the Council to endeavour to preserve that air without which we cannot for a moment exist, as much as possible in its original purity?

Amongst the gentlemen entrusted with the government of the borough, there should be no partiality in the discharge of the duties devolving upon them, especially in a sanitary point of view. How is it, then, that when the most paltry drain belonging to a poor man is choked up, the Inspector of Nuisances is at once ordered to serve him with a notice, to the effect that if it is not at once opened and cleansed, compulsory means will be resorted to? or if some poverty-stricken lodging-house-keeper neglects to attend to the cleanliness of his house, a charge is preferred against him? and so with respect to the poor man who, perchance, happens to have "the jintleman that pays the rint" in a stye too near the public highway, or in the vicinity of the house of some august member of the Council, the Sanitary Committee is no sooner made acquainted with these irregularities, than the poor man is compelled to take immediate steps for their removal; whilst, at the same time, a nuisance of ten thousand times greater magnitude—a nuisance affecting the whole borough—is not only allowed to continue, but most alarmingly to increase? * * * *

At that noble and magnificent manufactory, Saltaire, almost every member of the committee has had an opportunity of seeing the subject thoroughly tested, and is now fully convinced of the practicability (to a very great extent) of consuming the smoke: and I am persuaded that those who witnessed the operation on that occasion must have been forcibly struck with the simplicity of the means used, and with the effects produced,—especially while surveying the chimney, and watching the contrast between the consumption and the non-consumption of smoke; while gazing

upon the dial-plate of the pirameter, or fire-measurer, and seeing how, when the smoke is consumed, the heat of the furnace rises upwards of 100 degrees even in a few seconds; how, when it is not consumed, it sinks in a corresponding ratio; thus showing that the admission of the atmospheric air, in conjunction with a little steam, into the furnace, *has not* a tendency, as has been rashly asserted in the Council, to damp the intensity of the fire and to lower the steam, but the contrary. Moreover, the Committee have had the satisfaction of knowing that the introduction of these two counteracting elements into the furnace has not the least injurious effect upon any portion of the boiler; thus for ever setting aside the fallacious and unfounded idea, that wherever the smoke is consumed, the fundamental parts of the boiler will in a very short time be destroyed, through the effects of the smoke-burning apparatus.

Not only at Saltaire, but also at various other places, the Committee have been fully convinced, that if the manufacturers would unite with the Corporation, in an earnest and anxious endeavour to clear the atmosphere of Bradford from that which is such a heavy tax upon the cleanliness of the people, the long-desired object would be accomplished, our flourishing and wide-spreading town would again be visible from the hills around it, and every poor man possessing a little ground for the cultivation of a few flower beds, might then, even from the door-way of his own humble dwelling, inhale the balmy fragrance of the sweetbriar, and the delicious odours of a newly-blown rose. I would ask—Is it right, is it equitable, that the garden of the poor man and the field of the farmer, should be blighted and blasted by a nuisance which can in a very great degree be so easily abolished? Not one single report has been received from the many places to which the Town Clerk has written, that does not bear testimony to the fact already stated, viz.:—that the smoke can be consumed as it is done

at Saltaire, with a saving of from three to five per cent. in fuel, and not less, I am sure, than of twenty per cent. in the amount of soap used for domestic purposes in that locality. In London, the metropolis of the world, and on its waters of a thousand floating engines, the smoke nuisance, owing to the vigilant interference of the local authorities, is almost a thing of the past. And again, I ask, ought not the Corporation of Bradford to be as deeply interested in the well-being of its inhabitants, as are the Corporations of London and Liverpool for the dwellers in their respective cities? As I said before, smoke is money thrown away, scattered to the four winds of heaven; but with it is thrown the blight and the mildew into the fields and the gardens around us, and disease and death into the habitations of men. And I do most earnestly hope that I shall ere long have the pleasure of seeing Bradford enjoy a clear and unclouded atmosphere, and of beholding the garden of the poor man (who is compelled to reside not far from the scene of his daily labours) filled with bloom and flushed with beauty. Then shall our magnificent and costly warehouses, and the princely mansions of our merchants and manufacturers, assume their pristine freshness and beauty; then shall the fields around us wave with that freshness and luxuriance that delighted the eyes of our forefathers, in the day when the air of Bradford was as sweet, as pure, and as invigorating as the heather-scented gales which sweep over the quiet and salubrious village of Ilkley, on the verdant banks of the clear and translucent Wharfe.

[Notwithstanding that at the time the above speeches were delivered, the Committee appeared firmly resolved to take active measures to prevent or diminish the smoke nuisance, I regret to say it still exists. Now, as then, when we ascend the surrounding

heights, and look down upon the emporium of the worsted trade, we are particularly reminded of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, and of the sight which greeted the eyes of the venerable patriarch Lot, when, on the following morning, he beheld the smoke of the city ascending up to Heaven as from some vast furnace, or from the dark and gloomy abyss of eternal woe. Who that from yonder village in the distance, has been accustomed to gaze upon the town of Bradford, but has more than once compared it to the smouldering remains of some ill-fated town, or vast volcano, which had just spent its fury in devastating the country around. For instead of diminishing, as time passes away, it is continually increasing. Alas! that the Committee should manifest such a deplorable indifference with regard to the well-being of the inhabitants. For though there may be found many noble-hearted philanthropic men amongst our manufacturers—men who, whilst honourably endeavouring to enrich themselves, take every precaution in order to prevent any business carried on by them ever being the means of contaminating the air we breathe, or the water which GOD in His goodness has given us to drink,—yet there are numbers who, while they are busily engaged in laying up for themselves treasures upon earth, care but little whether the means they employ to accomplish their desired end shall or shall not be the means of clearing the way for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and for the destruction that waiteth at noon-day!]

[The following is an extract from an unpublished Poem by Mr. J— B—, a friend of the Author's, entitled]—

Bradford:

A DAY SCENE.

BLACK murky vapours crouch along the vale,
And wait the coming of the sea-born gale
To waft them o'er the broad and circling hills,
Far, far beyond the smoke-enshrouded mills.
Thousands of brains are toiling 'midst the gloom,
T' entrap coy Gold in meshes of the loom;
Thousands of hearts are feebly beating there,
Foredoomed from early youth to war with Care.
The mighty sun peers dimly through the haze,
And turns in sadness from man's yearning gaze:
The giant factories lift their stalwart sides
In narrow streets,* wherein securely hides
Pollution, Death's forerunner, who 'mongst all
His trenchant poison stealthily lets fall.

* See Note, p. 157.

Glazed sheets of water stud the busy view,
Like infant lakes, of dark and deathly hue;
And factory towers start up in grim array,
And, beacon-like, bid Commerce turn their way;
While clatter and loud roar of whirling wheels
Now drown all human sounds by deafening peals.
Along the hilly ways, in dull disguise,
Long lines of cottages and villas rise.
Bright trails of white cleave through the sombre air
As shrieking engines fiercely, madly tear
Along their iron tracks. The town is girt
With winding lanes, thick crusted o'er with dirt,—
With smoke-attirèd fields, and stunted trees,
Where ancient sparrows perch in silent ease,—
Where dusky rooks, beneath the chequered sky,
Dispense their hollow croakings as they fly.

NOTE

TO "BRADFORD: A DAY SCENE."

* Bradford has long been noted for its narrow and dirty streets, in proof of which may be given the following extract from a speech delivered by the author before the Bradford Corporation, on the question of "Street Improvements":]—

I HAVE no hesitation in saying, that hundreds, if not thousands, of lives have been sacrificed in this and other towns in consequence of the narrowness of the streets, and the want of sufficient room in their business thoroughfares. There is nothing of greater importance to an enterprising, busy, manufacturing town, than wide and commodious streets; especially so when that town is destined to be one of the wealthiest, one of the most populous, and, in a commercial point of view, one of the most productive of any to be found in the British empire. Bradford has a few good, and what I may venture to call spacious inlets and outlets, leading to and from the various places around it; but a stranger coming amongst us, particularly one who has heard so much concerning our trade and commerce—our warehouses, unrivalled in magnitude and magnificence—our ever-increasing mills, and the amazing amount of goods that are daily sent forth to every part of the kingdom, and almost to every part of the civilised world,—I say, a stranger coming amongst us under such circumstances, would be astonished beyond measure at the narrowness of the streets, and the sudden and dangerous turnings, even in the very heart of the town; whilst in vain would he look for one single thoroughfare worthy the name of a street in all the metropolis of the worsted manufactures.

I have very carefully and very diligently looked over the report which has been presented to the Council by the Street

Improvement Committee ; I have looked at it not only with an eye to the present, but also with an eye to the future—with an eye to what Bradford will be when our children shall have taken our places, and these unruly tongues of ours shall be for ever silent in the dust. And if Bradford is to be improved—if there is to be a thorough communication through the very heart and centre of the town, from one side of it to the other—I cannot see how any one of these proposed alterations can be dispensed with, without rendering the others, to a very great extent, of no avail. I have paid particular attention to the intended alterations in Market Street, and I cannot see how any man who takes a full and unbiassed view of the whole matter, can come to the conclusion that 14 yards will be a sufficient width for the main arterial inlet and outlet of one of the busiest manufacturing towns to which our beloved Queen ever signed a Charter of Incorporation. Cast your imaginative eye on Bradford, as it may be, when 30 or 40 more fleeting years shall have passed away, and what will you see (provided it should continue to extend its borders in the same manner that it has done for the last 20 years)? You will then, no doubt, see the two Hortons, Bowling, Manningham, Shipley, and other surrounding places, one undivided town or city, studded in every direction with mills and warehouses, and the mansions of its merchants and manufacturers. Then, will you be so reckless, so indifferent to its welfare, as to say that 14 yards in width will be sufficient for the principal street of such a place ? will you thus for ever throw a barrier in the way of the free transit of the increasing traffic of the town, and do an irreparable injury and injustice not only to the present, but to ages yet to come? And who is prepared to say that the future historian of Bradford will not record the deed of the Town Council of this day, a deed which is to decide whether the new Exchange and the Post Office, if reared in Market Street, are to be an honour and an

ornament to the town, by having open and spacious frontages; or whether they are to be crammed into a corner, to stand as a lasting monument of the indiscretion and unsound judgment of the present Town Council? As an instance of such indiscretion, look for one moment at our costly St. George's Hall, for ever thrown into the shade, as if unfit for the scrutinising eye of the public; and on every occasion of a festival of any note, are not waggon loads of timber required for barricading the streets, and vast numbers of the police force necessary to sentinel them, in order to the prevention of broken limbs or accidental death.

I am fully aware that these very important and most essential alterations and improvements cannot be achieved without considerable outlay and expenditure on the part of the Corporation; but how insignificant (considering the wealth of the town) in comparison to the great public advantage to be derived therefrom! I must express a hope that those gentlemen who have amassed such immense fortunes amongst us—those gentlemen who have added mill to mill, warehouse to warehouse, and who, at the same time, have exchanged the humble cottage for a mansion, and whose goods are continually blocking up our streets—ought to come nobly and spontaneously forward with their hundreds, if not their thousands, to assist the Corporation in carrying out these great and indispensable improvements, which, when accomplished, will be an honour to the town, and redound not only to the praise of the Corporation, but to every individual who shall have assisted in carrying out so desirable an object.

[It is only right to add that since the speech on "Street Improvements" was delivered, many desirable and important improvements have been made, and are still in progress, in the streets of Bradford; and judging, so far, from the activity displayed by the

Council in carrying out those improvements, there is every reason to believe the town will yet be able to boast of a few thoroughfares of sufficient width to accommodate its rapidly increasing traffic, and that it will yet outlive the bad name it has hitherto (not unjustly) received on account of its ill-planned, narrow, and dirty streets.]

NOTE 2.

"Remorselessly cast off the very men."

If there is one act more dishonourable to a master than another, it is the act of summarily discharging his workmen without any previous warning. I do not say that every one has the ability, be he ever so willing, to continue his men at their accustomed work when he has not sufficient employment for them. Yet I emphatically maintain that it is dishonourable in the extreme for those who have been heaping up gold as if it were almost as plentiful as the dust of the earth, to discard their *employés* at a moment's notice, as soon as the shadow of a passing cloud makes its appearance in the commercial horizon.

NOTE 3.

"Go see those vast stupendous Falls!"

"And now we come to Niagara, and what shall we say about that? Richard Cobden used to say, there were two sublimities in Nature—one of rest, the other of motion; one was the Alps, the other Niagara. I have seen them both, and must say that, remarkably grand as they both are, it seems to me Niagara is the sublimer of the two, and is what I take to be the grandest natural sight in the world. I shall never forget the first morning when I

arose early and stole away to get my first sight, as I desired to get it, alone; and as I walked over the ground that trembled under its mighty power, and felt my soul filled with its gentle and yet mighty thunders, and stood almost within the eternal bow which was heaven's coronal of beauty and grandeur to rest upon the brow of the Falls, and make it the queen of all the sights nature could place before us;—as I looked upon the pillar of mist and spray that rises from the curdling sea into which the Falls plunge down, it reminded me of the pillar of cloud that went before the Israelites in their march through the desert. It mattered not that I was almost drenched to the skin by the spray that the wind drifted in that direction. I felt that the dream of my life was realised, and it would have been almost a relief to have packed up my surroundings and come off home at once. That sight was enough for a lifetime. You would not object possibly to accompany us, as we all go in a party. We are stopping, then, at the Cataract House on the American side, and we take carriages; we cross over the Suspension Bridge and are in Canada. We drive on in the same direction till we come to the Clifton House, and then the Falls burst fairly and gloriously upon us. A lady in the company comes to myself and asks if we have such a sight as that in all Great Britain to show. I reply, I do not think we have, unless, I hope she will forgive me, if I remind her that she has left America, and come round upon British soil to get the view which I have the happiness of pointing out to her, and that it is from British soil you get the finest view of the finest natural sight in the world. I do not know how I can give you any idea of the Falls: perhaps I may help you to do so if you build up in thought a vast cliff of rock about 160 feet high, in the form of a horseshoe, perhaps a mile or a mile and a-half in its curve. Suppose it all to be bare except a piece just on one side the centre of the bend where there is Goat Island, and then the mighty waters to be poured over

it at the rate of a hundred million tons every hour,—water that covers a hundred and fifty thousand square miles at unknown depths before it is pent up into the river above, that flows from a hundred rivers and ten lakes, which, as we have said, are inland seas, and which cover a surface equal to one-third of all the fresh water upon the face of the earth. Suppose that to be all flowing in one stream, and to pour itself over these cliffs, which you have built up about 160 feet. Suppose it to be robed in rainbows of exquisite beauty, and half concealed at times by the pillar of spray that rises up from its feet, and is its own monument, and you may have some idea of Niagara Falls. You may take a boat and row as near as you can to where they pour the mighty torrent into the seething flood below, and that is wonderful. You may stand upon what is left of the table rock, and watch the ever-beautiful green of the curve where they pour themselves over the edge of the cliff, and that is wonderful. You may go down and pass behind them, where you have them like a wall of ever-changing emerald before you, and that is wonderful. You may sit, as we did, at the foot of the Terrapin Tower, where the mighty world of waters is foaming and thundering and flowing on and around you till you seem withdrawn from the world, and your very soul is filled with its sublimity. Indeed, in whatever way you think of them, they are what can never be conceived of if you have not seen them, and can never be described if you have."—*Rev. J. P. Chown's "Summer Furlough Across the Atlantic."*

NOTE 3A.

"Wheeling around their everlasting spheres,
Charged with the seasons, and the circling years."

The study of astronomy, or the contemplation of the starry heavens, is one of the noblest sciences on which the mind of man can be engaged. Compared to the eternal glories of the heavens above us, what are all the boasted works of man upon earth? Little did the celebrated man referred to in these lines care about amassing wealth—an object which to such a large degree engages the minds of the inhabitants of Fairford. Up to an almost patriarchal age, that renowned son of science was engaged in the soul-enobling task of counting the glittering gems of night, "whose blended light, as with a milky belt, invest the orient," of watching "the pensile planets wheel their circuit round the year," and in measuring "the eccentric cycles of the comets"—a task which has absorbed the attention of some of the greatest men in all ages; and though one after another of these intellectual luminaries has been swept away by the hand of death, it may be truly said that "the astronomer has ever lived, and never dies. The sentinel upon the watch-tower is relieved from duty, but another takes his place, and the vigil is unbroken. No—the astronomer never dies! He commences his investigation on the hill-tops of Eden; he studies the stars through the long centuries of antediluvian life. The deluge sweeps from the earth its inhabitants, their cities, and its monuments; but when the storm is hushed, and the heavens shine forth in beauty from the summit of Mount Ararat, the astronomer resumes his endless vigils. In Babylon he keeps his watch, and among the Egyptian priests he inspires a thirst for the sacred mysteries of the stars. The plains of Shinar —the temples of India—the pyramids of Egypt,—are equally his

watching places. When Science fled to Greece, his home was in the schools of her philosophers; and when darkness covered the earth for a thousand years, he pursued his never-ending task from amidst the burning deserts of Arabia. When science dawned in Europe, the astronomer was there—toiling with Copernicus—watching with Tycho—suffering with Galileo—triumphing with Kepler." And though the present generation appears to be almost altogether rivetted to wordly things, yet there are to be found those who are unceasingly bent on exploring the wonders of the Almighty in the earth, and his handywork in the glorious firmament, knowing that, as the poet Longfellow says—

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time."

NOTE 4.

"The poor man's child worse treated than a slave."

Few of the young of the present time have any idea of the hardships suffered by factory children some forty or fifty years ago. At that day, children not more than six or seven years of age were torn from their beds at a very early hour in the morning—even in the depth of winter—and hurried to the factory, which in some localities was two or three miles distant, and there, for fifteen or sixteen hours a day, shut out as it were from all intercourse with the world, except for one single half-hour which was allowed for dinner, viz., from twelve to half-past. In corroboration of these statements, I may add that when only six years old I myself was sent by my widowed mother to work in the factory;

and never shall I forget the hardships I had then to endure. I well remember being suddenly disturbed in my innocent slumber, and dragged out of bed ere I had had one-half of my natural rest; for my mother well knew the fearful consequences of my being a few minutes too late; she knew that I should be either turned away or severely punished; for the overlookers at that time appeared to act as if they had unbounded licence, and might inflict whatsoever punishment they thought proper. And as it may not be uninteresting to the young people of the present day to know something of the life and daily toil of factory children in days gone by, I may further state, that the mill to which I was sent commenced running—winter and summer—at six o'clock in the morning. At eight o'clock the bell rang for breakfast, but the whirling wheel continued its course. All the hands were compelled to keep at their work till the arrival of their mothers with their scanty mess of pottage, which was handed to the door-keeper through a slide in one of the panels of the door, and the poor creatures had to eat their meals as best they could, all the while attending to their respective work. At noon thirty minutes were allowed for dinner; and when four o'clock came the bell rang again as the signal for tea. This meal was also handed through a panel in the door, and eaten in the same prison-like manner as the breakfast. After that, like so many malefactors, fatigued and well-nigh exhausted, they were kept in durance till eight, and very often till nine o'clock; and then, to the intense delight of the poor weakly little slaves, the machinery was brought to a stand. I well recollect on one occasion, a little before the closing of the mill, I was so overpowered with sleep that I dropped unconsciously down amongst some bags of waste lying near me, where I was found still sleeping at midnight. As I had not returned home, and no one having seen me quit the mill, a search was instituted, which resulted in my being found in the manner above described.

Mr. Matthew Balme, the indefatigable secretary to the Yorkshire Central Short-Time Committee, in a paper read before the Social Science Congress in Bradford, says:—"I can bear testimony, from my own experience, that even in this town (Bradford) and neighbourhood, children were required to work in worsted factories from three o'clock in the morning to ten at night, with only fifteen minutes for breakfast, thirty minutes for dinner, and fifteen minutes for tea, and this, too, for six weeks together in brisk times. Another instance I well recollect, where the regular time of work was from six o'clock in the morning to eight at night, and no time was allowed for meals, either breakfast, dinner, or tea."

If any measure was ever passed in the Senate House of England worthy of being ranked as one of its noblest acts, that measure was the Ten Hours Bill. Many were the gloomy forebodings of the timid and distrustful when the Bill was first introduced; and one gentleman, who was then member for Manchester, ventured to propheey, that "if such a Bill should ever pass, it would be the downfall of England," or as it may be more fully expressed, our mills and warehouses would soon be closed for ever, our merchants and manufacturers would be compelled to seek a settlement in some foreign country, where there would be no restriction upon the hours of labour, and where their tyrannies would be allowed to continue their uninterrupted course; and that the manufacturing towns of England would soon become like Goldsmith's "Deserted Village"—a desolation and a ruin.

> But is it so? has all our commerce fled?
> Oastler, we know, is numbered with the dead,
> Yet on the billowy bosom of the deep,
> Far as the winds and waves of Commerce sweep,
> Since the young slaves of England found redress,
> Is there one single merchant ship the less?
> See yonder chimneys towering up on high,
> With belching smoke beclouding all the sky,
> As if to hide some deed of darkness done,
> By blotting out the bright and glorious sun.

NOTE 5.

"Till Oastler, like a mighty conqueror, came."

For the following particulars I am indebted to Mr. Matthew Balme, who, as before stated, acted for a long period as the secretary to the Central Short Time Committee, and worked assiduously by the side of Mr. Oastler and Mr. Bull, to gain the Ten Hours Bill.

The name of Richard Oastler (who while fighting the battle of the poor factory children won for himself the title of "The Factory King") is a name never to be pronounced in this locality but with reverence—a name that will live for ever in the hearts of the factory people.

Richard Oastler was the son of Robert Oastler, a linen merchant of Thirsk—a man who had been an intimate friend of John Wesley, and who did much for the cause of religion. The foundation of Richard Oastler's social and political system was Christianity, and he believed that the poor and oppressed had special claims on the consideration of Christian men and Christian government. Consistently with these convictions, he took for his motto "The Altar, the Throne, and the Cottage;" and through good and evil report maintained the reasonableness of, and the advantages to be derived from, a social system in which the temporal and moral condition of society is made subservient to the laws of God. The manner in which the factory question first gained his notice is somewhat remarkable. In the year 1830 he was on a visit to his friend Mr. Wood, of Horton Hall, then an extensive worsted-spinner. Mr. Wood had long endeavoured by his own private influence to reform the factory system, but in vain; and during this visit he expressed his surprise that Mr. Oastler had not turned his attention to the

matter, assuring him there were cruelties daily practised towards little children in mills, which, if Mr. Oastler knew, he would strive to prevent. "Cruelties in mills!" exclaimed Mr. Oastler, "I do not understand you." Mr. Wood then detailed the evils—nay, horrors—of the factory system. He told him that little children were worked fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, and eighteen hours a-day in some mills, without a single minute being set apart for meals. Mr. Oastler was deeply impressed with what he heard, but did not make any immediate resolution. It happened, however, that he had to leave early next morning, and during the night he was aroused by Mr. Wood's valet, and requested to attend Mr. Wood in his bed-room. Mr. Wood was leaning upon a table beside his bed, on which were two candles burning, and between them the Bible. On advancing towards him, he grasped Mr. Oastler's hand in the most affectionate manner, and said—"I have had no sleep to-night, for I have been reading this Book, and in every page I read my own condemnation. I cannot allow you to leave me without a pledge that you will use all your influence in endeavouring to remove from our factory system the cruelties which are now regularly practised." Mr. Oastler was deeply affected by his friend's earnestness, and promised to do all that he could to further his wish. How faithfully that promise has been fulfilled is well-known; and the result of his labours has conferred upon our manufacturing population untold benefits, both of a physical and social character.

NOTE 6.

"Their sweetest music is the buzzing wheel."

A similar idea is given in a recently-written story of local life, called "Stephen Howell," by Mr. James Burnley, wherein, in describing the appearance of the streets of Bradford on a market-day, there occurs the following passage:—"Knots of business-men, eagerly intent upon buying and selling, congregated at street corners. These were the men who kept the machinery clattering and the chimneys smoking. To them the hum of the machinery was the sweetest music, and the smoking chimneys a more delightful sight than is the Aurora Borealis to the enthusiastic traveller."

NOTE 7.

"Alike can see the careworn mother go,
Torn from her babe but newly-born; and so
To tend the bounding shuttle as it flies,
The parting tear still glistening in her eyes."

Nothing in this world would to me be a greater source of grief, than that a little one of mine should be taken from its warm and comfortable bed before six o'clock in the morning—however inclement and uninviting might be the weather, in the dark and cold winter as well as in the summer—and hurried away to the house of some neighbouring friend or acquaintance, there to remain all the long day, without ever seeing its mother till perhaps six or seven o'clock in the evening. But there are hundreds of instances of a similar kind occur daily even at the present time; and often has my heart ached when I have met a poor woman with an infant

in her arms, at such an early hour, wrapt up in the remnant of an old blanket, or some well-worn garment, conveying it from its home to the house of some such friend or acquaintance, in order that it might be tended till her daily toil at the factory was ended, when she could return and take it once more to its own home. I have often wondered, when I have seen such a pitiable sight, how any person could leave an infant of a month, or even of a year old, in such a manner for so many hours; and surely nothing but the keenest necessity could induce them to do so. I do not say that it is impossible to meet with a nurse who happens to be an angel in the form of a woman, who will act the part of a mother. Indeed, such a one, I am proud to say, I *have* seen, and glad have I been to witness the anxiety and solicitude with which she has watched over it, exhibiting the same care for its welfare as if it had been her own child. But, alas! more often has it been my lot to see one of an opposite character—one who, instead of caring for the little creature, as in duty bound, would treat it as if she were devoid of all feeling and affection. In my opinion, it is an injustice done to the tender and delicate infant, for a parent to leave it with *any* person for such a length of time, even although it might be well cared for; as, also, it is no doubt contrary to the will of the great Creator,—He who feeds the young ravens when they cry, and without whose notice not a sparrow falls to the ground. At the same time, it is, perhaps, little matter for wonder that a poor woman, whose husband's income is not more than some twelve shillings a-week, should be desirous of adding a little to that scanty income by earning a trifle herself. And I envy not the employer's conscience who is making his thousands of pounds a-year, and can be content to deal so hardly with the working man.

LINES SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN AFTER READING THE ABOVE, BY A MOTHER WHILE LOOKING UPON HER INFANT.

Leave that fair, that beauteous form,
Till the livelong day is past?
No!—I'll brave the bitterest storm,
Face the keenest, fiercest blast,
Ere I'll leave that child of mine,
From the dawning of the morn
Till the sun again decline,
In refulgent splendour borne.

But if ever Fate decree
Me to leave my babe so long,
Thou who fill'st immensity,
Hear and listen to this song:
Be, O GOD! for ever near,
And prevent my frenzied hand,
Ere unsummoned I appear
In the far-off Spirit land!

NOTE 8.

THE POOR MAN.

"THAT some should be richer than others, is natural and is necessary, and could be prevented only by gross violations of right. Leave men to the free use of their powers, and some will accumulate more than their neighbours. But, to be prosperous is not to be superior, and should form no barrier between men. The only distinctions which should be recognised, are those of the soul, of strong principle, of incorruptible integrity, of usefulness, of cultivated intellect, of fidelity in seeking for truth. A man, in

proportion as he has these claims, should be honoured and welcomed everywhere. I see not why such a man, however coarsely, if neatly dressed, should not be a respected guest in the most splendid mansions, and at the most brilliant meetings. A man is worth infinitely more than the saloons, and the costumes, and the show of the universe. He was made to tread all these beneath his feet. What an insult to humanity is the present deference to dress and upholstery, as if silkworms, and looms, and scissors, and needles, could produce something nobler than a man! Every good man should protest against a caste founded on outward prosperity, because it exalts the outward above the inward, the material above the spiritual; because it springs from and cherishes a contemptible pride in superficial and transitory distinctions; because it alienates man from his brother, breaks the tie of common humanity, and breeds jealousy, scorn, and mutual ill-will. Can this be needed to social order?"—*Channing.*

NOTE 9.

REV. G. S. BULL.

The Rev. Canon Burfield has kindly furnished the author with the following brief particulars of the Rev. G. S. Bull's life.

The Rev. George Stringer Bull was born at Tattingstone, in Essex, on the 12th of July, 1800. His father was rector of the parish. He became, soon after his twelfth year, a midshipman in the royal navy; but on the close of the European War he left the service. Shortly after, he went out as a missionary-catechist to Sierra Leone, and remained in the deadly climate of the western coast of Africa for four years. He then returned to England, and

was admitted to holy orders by Archbishop Harcourt, and licensed to the curacy of Hessle, near Hull. He continued there three years, and was transferred to the incumbency of Hanging Heaton, near Dewsbury. This he held for eighteen months, and then went to Bierley. During his residence there, his interest commenced in the condition of the factory operatives of the West Riding, and for their amelioration he laboured with an unflagging zeal. The church of St. James, Bradford, was built by John Wood, Esq., of Thedden Grange, Hants, under his counsel, and he was presented by that retiring, but noble-hearted man, to the living. From there he went to St. Matthews', Birmingham, and after toiling for seven years at what was called "The Church in the Wilderness," he was presented to the rectory of St. Thomas', in the same town. Sixteen years of hard service in this enormous parish quite destroyed his constitution, and in the year 1863 the Bishop of Worcester sent him to the quiet parish of Almeley, some miles west of Hereford; but it was too late—he was worn out in his Master's services—and after less than two years he died on August 20th, 1865.

His name will be loved and revereneed in Yorkshire for generations. He lived for others, not for himself. He now rests from his labours, but his works do follow him.

J. Ward, Printer, Caxton Square, Dewsbury.

ERRATA.

Page 9, 5th line, *for* "Wordsworth," *read* "Cowper."

Page 35, line 2, insert reference figure 3*a*, and see corresponding Note.

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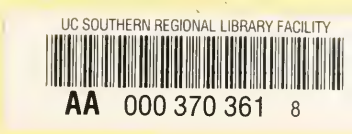

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